The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers with this number a unique collection of Ibsen illustrations, we have to express our indebtedness to Mr. Georg Bröchner, of Copenhagen, for his kind assistance in obtaining many of these pictures, and more especially the four interesting portraits of the dramatist which have never before been published.

The portrait of Henrik Ibsen reproduced on the cover of our issue is taken from the excellent painting by the famous Norwegian artist, Erik Werenskjold. Ibsen was much interested in the progress of the work, and spoke of the "landscape" (terrain) of the face, a very apt and original expression. Werenskjold, however, was dissatisfied with the small canvas he was using, and described to the dramatist an image which filled his mind of Ibsen standing "on the heights" at evening with the valley beneath and the mountains behind him, the rays of the setting sun falling on his figure and touching the distant peaks, not directly to illustrate Ibsen's famous poem, "On the Heights," but in a similar vein. It was, in short, the poet rather than the man that Werenskjold was desirous of representing. Ibsen became intensely interested in the idea, and wished the artist to commence the new work immediately. Werenskjold, however, protested that there was time for both. Finally he carried out the plan, and Ibsen, the sceptic, shrewd, observant, half-contemptuously smiling at the follies of his fellow-men, was transformed by an expression of far-reaching insight, of concentrated will-power, into the poetic Ibsen of Werenskjold's conception.

MR. GEORGE A. MORTON,
Who has lately commenced business as a publisher at 42, George Street, Edinburgh.

A great compliment was paid to Ibsen as a connoisseur of art when he was appointed official representative of Norway and Denmark on the jury for paintings and sculpture at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. Ibsen's profound admiration for art found a singularly pregnant expression in a remark he once made in Werenskjold's studio: "What after all is a minister of State compared with being able to create something!" Speaking about art, Werenskjold one day said that he had been a long time finding out what artistic form really was; Ibsen replied in a strikingly warm manner: "I should think so, there are many who never find it out all their life."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has gone to Scotland with a view to completing his romance, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," in which Mr. Max Beerbohm is to play the important part of Napoleon. The clever design is being worked out by Mr. Graham Robertson, the artist. He illustrated last Christmas that remarkable and beautiful book, "English Songs and Dances," published by Messrs. Longmans at two guineas. The scene depicted

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. ALICE HEGAN RICE,
The author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," which have had a phenomenal sale in the United States and are rapidly making their way into popular favour in this country. Over thirty-one thousand copies of the English editions have already been printed.

is that of Campden Hill, and Mr. Beerbohm is supposed to have the control of the water and the reservoir from the Tower. He is depicted, Nelson-like, at the top of the column wielding his cane of command.

We are sorry to say that Mr. William Watson is at present suffering from his eyesight. He is at Bristol, and is under the care of Dr. Cross, the well-known oculist, who was High Sheriff of the city last year.

We understand that Mr. John Lane's publication, "The MS. in the Red Box," was very well taken up by the leading booksellers. Three great firms ordered each a thousand copies.

A book on Theodore Watts Dunton will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The author is Mr. James Douglas, who has already made a reputation as a critic by his articles in the *Athenæum* and elsewhere. The volume will contain much fresh material.

The name of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's new novel is "McTodd." The book will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. during the coming autumn.

Mr. Heinemann will issue in the autumn "The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck." This will be uniform in size and style with the "Love Letters of Bismarck," published some time ago.

Messrs. Sands and Co. have decided to postpone till the autumn the publication of Mr. Jeyes' Life of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

Mr. Heinemann is introducing to this country a new American humourist, Mr. Simeon Ford. Mr. Ford, whose book, "A Few Remarks," Mr. Heinemann is publishing immediately, is the proprietor of a popular hotel in New York. He is known as an excellent after-dinner speaker, and the series of short humorous articles contained in his book are a collection of his post-prandial orations.

The author and artist of "Clara in Blunderland" have finished a new volume, which Mr. Heinemann will publish shortly under the title of "Lost in Blunderland." It will contain fifty illustrations, and the letter-press will deal with the present state of political affairs.

Mr. Murray will publish in the autumn "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party: a Political History," by J. S. Willison. The book will make two large volumes. Among other books on his list are "The Painters of Japan," by Arthur Morrison, partly made up of papers which have appeared in the *Monthly Review;* "Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century," by Canon Hensley Henson; "Galileo: His Life and Work," by J. J. Fahie.

Mr. Albert Lee, author of "The Frown of Majesty," has just completed a new historical romance, entitled "The Baronet in Corduroy." The book, which deals with the time of Queen Anne, will be issued in the autumn by Mr. Grant Richards.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co. have in the press a new work by Mr. R. Potter Berry, to be entitled "The History of the Formation and Development of the Volunteer Infantry from the Earliest Times, Illustrated by the Local Records of Huddersfield and its Vicinity from 1794-1874." It is believed that the book will prove to be the most comprehensive account of the Voluntary Auxiliary Forces of the United Kingdom hitherto compiled. The subject is dealt with in two parts, the first being devoted to the history of the Formation and Development of the Volunteer force in general, the second to the exemplification of that history by the Records of the Local Levies of Huddersfield and its Vicinity from the year 1794 to 1874. It is hoped that the work, which is to be profusely illustrated, will be ready for publication in October.

Mr. Francis Gribble, who is staying on the Lake of Thun, where he hopes to remain for some time, is engaged in writing a romance of the Franco-Prussian war—some of the incidents of which he intends utilising to foreshadow and account for the anti-militarist movement, now assuming remarkable proportions on the Continent. It is not decided whether the

book will be published this autumn, as arrangements have not yet been completed with regard to serialisation.

Mr. Joseph Hocking's new novel, "Follow the Gleam: a Story of the Days of Cromwell," will be issued in the early autumn.

"Emmy Lou," a study of schoolgirl life, by Mrs. George Madden Martin, which has achieved great success in America, will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, uniform with the ever-popular "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Mr. W. Pett Ridge has made a collection of his sketches of London life, which will be published under the title "Up Side Streets."

Mr. George A. Morton, who has commenced business as a publisher at 42, George Street, Edinburgh, has had twenty-five years' experience of all branches of publishing—general, scientific, and educational—and for the last nine years has managed the business of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, of Edinburgh and London. Mr. Morton has arranged to publish immediately a small book by Miss Marie Corelli, entitled "The Soul of Queen Alexandra." Another book which Mr. Morton has in the press, and hopes to publish early in September, is entitled "From Journalist to Judge." The author, Judge Condé Williams, was for some years editor of the Birmingham *Daily Gazette*, in succession to Dr. Sebastian Evans, and he was for a time on the staff of the *Times* in Paris under Blowitz. He has many reminiscences of his journalistic life, during which he met Gladstone, Disraeli, and many others. Judge Condé Williams tells some good stories. We take one of M. de Blowitz:—

"He (Blowitz) strongly objected to the idea that the *Times* possessed any representative in Paris save himself, but he was at the mercy of the other two of us for his English. And when on one occasion, wishing to use our press ticket for the tribune at Longchamps for some purpose of his own, he told me that he would take my Sunday's duty as racing reporter upon himself, the result was disastrous. For, as is recorded in a little book of mine, 'Journalistic Jumbles,' published some fifteen years ago by Field and Tuer, the Eminent one confused the names of the progenitors of the competing steeds with those of their jockeys, and wired the winners to our esteemed journal as having been ridden by their own sires!"

Another relates to George Dawson:—

"George Dawson was the prophet of a nondescript nonconformist party of advanced thinkers who crowded his 'Church of the Saviour,' and who, not without some show of reason, arrogated to themselves a considerable preponderance in the intellectual life of the community. . . . He was a member of the first School Board for Birmingham, which was elected on political lines. . . . The Conservative 'Bible Eight,' as they were called (through the Bible in Board Schools being a feature of their policy) acted on the whole with commendable forbearance in their unwonted position as majority in a publicly elected Birmingham body. On one occasion, however, they put forward at a Board meeting a so-called non-sectarian Hymn-Book for use in the schools. Dawson, taking it up during the debate, and turning over its pages, read out the following specimen verse:—

'Lord, I ascribe it to Thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.'

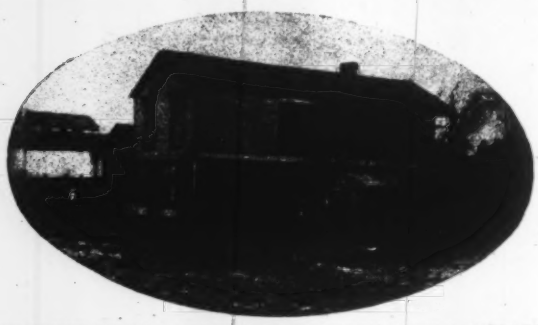
'Would members have any objection,' he said, 'if this were altered to run:

'Lord, I ascribe it to Thy grace,
And not to luck or chance's work,
That I was born of Jewish race,
And not a Christian or a Turk.'"

Mr. Richard C. Walch, of the firm of J. Walch and Sons, the oldest firm of booksellers and stationers in Australasia, is now on a business visit to the old country, and may be heard of at the firm's London address, 48, Gresham Street. Some, but we fear not many, may remember the senior partner in the firm, Mr. Charles E. Walch, who came to London fifty years

MR. CALE YOUNG RICE,

Who according to his wife's dedication of "Lovey Mary," "taught me the secret of plucking roses from a Cabbage Patch." Mr. Rice is a poet of great promise, and his poetic drama, "Charles di Tocca," has been exceedingly well received in America. He has just completed a play for Mr. Sothern, and a volume of his lyrics is shortly to be issued by Messrs. McClure and Co.



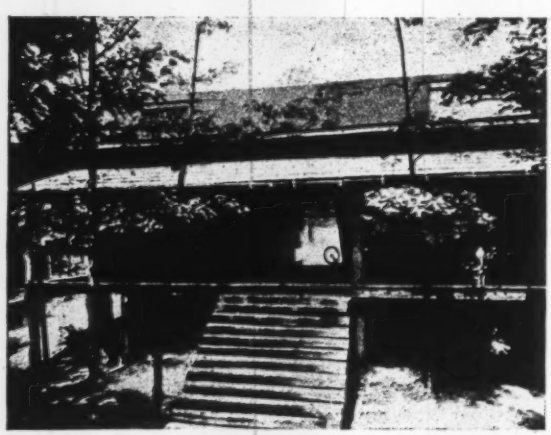
THE HOME OF THE ORIGINAL MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

"The Wiggses lived in the Cabbage Patch. It was not a real cabbage patch, but a queer neighbourhood, where ramshackle cottages played hop-skotch over the railroad tracks. There were no streets, so when a new house was built, the owner faced it any way his fancy prompted. Mr. Bagby's grocery, it is true, conformed to convention, and presented a solid front to the railroad track, but Miss Hazy's cottage shied off sidewise into the Wiggses' yard, as if it were afraid of the big freight trains that went thundering past so many times a day; and Mrs. Schultz's front room looked directly into the Eichorns' kitchen. The latter was not a bad arrangement, however, for Mrs. Schultz had been confined to her bed for ten years, and her sole interest in life consisted in watching what took place in her neighbour's family.

The Wiggses' house was the most imposing in the neighbourhood. This was probably due to the fact that it had two front doors and a tin roof. One door was nailed up, and the other opened out-doors, but you would never guess it from the street. When the country house burned one door had been saved. So Mrs. Wiggs and the boys brought it to the new home and skilfully placed it at the front end of the side porch. But the roof gave the house its chief distinction; it was the only tin roof in the Cabbage Patch. Jim and Billy had made it of old cans which they picked up on the commons."—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

since, to open up direct relations with the publishers of that day, and had his office in Bucklersbury.

There is no more interesting British Colony than that of New Zealand, and the story of the early days of its occupation and subsequent settlement is full of tragic events and memorable incidents. Of those who took a prominent part in the stirring events of the thirties and early forties, there is one survivor, the Rev. George Clarke, Chancellor of the University of Tasmania, who in his youthful days, from the Bay of Islands in the North, to the Province of Otago in the South, was the true friend of the Maoris, and the trusted adviser of the Government in all its dealings with the natives. It is in all respects a personal narrative, and herein has its great value. Originally written for private circulation only, Mr. Clarke, after much urging, has consented to the issue of a limited edition for further sale, which will be issued in September by Messrs. J. Walch and Sons, of Hobart, Tasmania. The volume will contain about 120 pp. demy octavo, and will have for frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Clarke. The price will be five shillings, post free.



"HEGAN'S CABIN,"

Where Mrs. Rice's two books were planned.

"Hegan's Cabin" is built in the exact style of the old settlers' cabins and is delightfully situated among the hills which surround Louisville.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

June 20th to July 20th, 1903.

The spring season may now be said to have closed, and whilst the output has been considerably above the average of previous years, there have been few lines which have proved exceptionally successful from a trade point of view.

During the month just passed the demand has in most classes been of a more limited nature, but the sales of fiction, principally in the 6s. form, have been well sustained. "Elizabeth's Children" may be mentioned among the most popular of current issues, but the leading item has undoubtedly been "Children of the Tempest," by Neil Munro. Its appearance did not actually take place till towards the close of this report, but it cast a very material shadow before it by the large orders which were booked in advance. Among the already well-known volumes which have formed the bulk of the month's sales have been "Pigs in Clover," "Four Feathers," "In the Guardianship of God," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Park Lane," and "My Lady of the Bass."

Other popular lines of fiction at various prices have been "The Valkyries," "Love and a Cottage," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Lovey Mary."

A new issue of the Dorothy Osborne Letters has circulated freely.

The various issues of pocket volumes have sold well, notably the New Century Library, World's Classics, Temple Series, and the Napoleon Memoir in the New Library of Standard Biographies.

"The Life of Robert Browning," as well as Dante's Life and "The Vision," have also been in request. Two other works of a biographical nature have found a wide circle of readers: "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," and "The Orrery Papers," by the Countess of Cork and Orrery.

A Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Association, entitled "Printers' Pie," issued for charitable purposes, proved a decided success.

The anticipated fiscal proposals of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain have called forth a considerable amount of literature pertinent to the subject, the most popular brochure being "British Trade and the Zollverein," by L. G. Chiozza.

Many orders are still forthcoming for the approaching new volume of Hastings' Bible Dictionary.

Horne's "Popular History of the Free Churches" and "The Life of Gipsy Smith" have both steadily been in demand throughout the month.

Sixpenny reprints continue to appear with a persistent

regularity, but the demand has in no case been large, and the market is overstocked.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

Children of the Tempest. By Neil Munro. (W. Blackwood.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
In the Guardianship of God. By Flora A. Steel. (Heinemann.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
Elizabeth's Children. (J. Lane.)
Park Lane. By Percy White. (Constable.)
My Lady of the Bass. By S. H. Burchell. (Gay and Bird.)
The Conflict. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin.)

The Valkyries. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Dean.)
Love and a Cottage. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Dorothy Osborne Letters. Edited by Judge Parry. 6s. (Sherratt and Hughes.)
Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Various editions of Dante's Life and The Vision.
Printers' Pie. 2s. 6d. net. ("Sphere.")
Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By M. K. Waddington. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
The Orrery Papers. By Countess of Cork and Orrery. 42s. net. (Duckworth.)
British Trade and the Zollverein. By L. G. Chiozza. 1s. net. (Sell.)
Popular History of the Free Churches. By C. S. Horne. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
Life of Gipsy Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Law.)

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
June 20—Very quiet in all departments.
,, 27—Slightly better in Home Trade, still quiet in Export.
July 4—A somewhat firmer demand.
,, 11—Quiet in all departments.
,, 18—A fairly good week, especially in the Home Trade.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

June 18th to July 18th, 1903.

The leading features of the month's trade were good orders received for school prize books and all kinds of tourist literature. There was also an unusually brisk sale for the leading monthly magazines. With few exceptions the sixpenny reprints of popular works moved very slowly, but such shilling volumes as "Wee Macgreegor," "Ethel," "The Unspeakable Scot," "My Man Sandy," and "Tony's Highland Tour" were in constant demand.

Of much local interest was the appearance of "The Life and Last Leaves of Robert Wallace," by J. Campbell Smith and William Wallace; and the publication of Millar's "Literary History of Scotland" attracted considerable attention from reviewers as a book of fresh thought dealing with a great subject.

The outstanding religious book of the month was "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Rev. John Kelman, and, as was to be expected, "The British Monthly" (Dr. Thomas Guthrie Centenary Number) found many interested readers in Scotland.

MRS. ALICE HEGAN RICE'S HOME AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

The Souvenir issued in connection with the Printers' Pension Corporation entitled "Printer's Pie" was loyally purchased by members of that trade, and met with hearty commendation.

Two volumes maintaining a steady popularity were "Lovey Mary," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," both by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. There was also a brisk sale for "Love and a Cottage," by Keble Howard.

Although no six-shilling novel gained enormous popularity, the following were much in evidence, and bulked largely in the business of the month :—"The Red Triangle," by A. Morrison; "Pigs in Clover," by Frank Danby; "My Lady of the Bass," by S. H. Burchell; "Juicy Joe," by J. Blyth; "His Daughter First," by A. S. Hardy; "The Lake of Gold," by G. Griffiths; "The Valkyries," by E. F. Benson; "Three Glass Eyes," by William Le Queux; and orders were booked for Neil Munro's new novel immediately to be issued, entitled "The Children of the Tempest," a tale of the Outer Isles.

Messrs. Hutchinson's new series of Biographies continued to meet with deserved success, and the sales of

THE CABBAGE PATCH PUMP,
Where Mrs. Wiggs met Lovey Mary.

SEUMAS MACMANUS AND THE NEW IRISH NOVELS.
A DONEGAL CABIN, SHOWING WOMEN SPINNING AND SPRIGGING (FLOWERING LINEN).

the volumes of "The World's Classics" as issued, moved off as freely as ever.

The sixpenny novels conspicuous in orders placed were "Black Rock," "Kate Carnegie," "Piccadilly," "Resurrection," and "Micah Clarke."

Magazines, as already noted, were unusually successful, mainly owing to the large railway traffic. Of these mention may be made of *Munsey*, *Windsor*, *Royal*, *Smart Set*, *Pearson's*, and *The Idler* as specially prominent.

List of books most in demand during the month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
The Red Triangle. By A. Morrison. (Nash.)
Lady of the Bass. By S. H. Burchell. (Gay and Bird.)
Lake of Gold. By Geo. Griffiths. (White.)
The Valkyries. By E. F. Benson. (Dean.)
Three Glass Eyes. By W. Le Queux. (Treherne.)
No. 3, The Square. By F. Warden. (Long.)
Juicy Joe. By J. Blyth. (Richards.)
His Daughter First. By A. S. Hardy. (Harper.)
Letters of a Self-Made Merchant. By G. W. Lorimer. (Methuen.)
Strawberry Leaves. By A. Leaf. (Nash.)

Miscellaneous.

Life and Last Leaves of Robert Wallace. 16s. net. (Sands.)
Literary History of Scotland. By J. H. Millar. 16s. (Unwin.)
The Faith of R. L. Stevenson. By Rev. J. Kelman. 6s. net. (Oliphant.)
An Indian Sketch Book. 6s. net. (Bradbury.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder.)
Lovey Mary. By Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder.)
Love and a Cottage. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Sir Anthony and the Ewe Lamb. 3s. 6d. (Harpers.)
Standard Biographies—Napoleon, Wesley. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

SEUMAS MACMANUS AND THE NEW IRISH NOVELS.
FAIR-DAY IN A DONEGAL VILLAGE.

Books for Railway Reading.

The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 1s. net. (Richards.)
Tony's Highland Tour. By A. Hammerton. 1s. (Marshall.)
Ethel. By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Menzies.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Scots Pictorial Company.)
My Man Sandy. By J. Salmond. 1s. (Sands.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

AUGUST.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

August 6th.

A'BECKETT, GILBERT.—The Comic English Grammar, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
COX, J. C., LL.D., F.S.A.—Derbyshire. Little Guides. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DUNCAN, SARAH JEANNETTE.—The Pool in the Desert, 6s.
CROKER, B. M.—Johanna, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
COMBE, WILLIAM.—Dr. Syntax. Vol. II. Illustrated Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

August 7th.

MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM.—Count Zarka, 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
LE FEUVRE, AMY.—Jill's Red Bag. 2nd Impression. 2s. (Religious Tract Society)
GREY, CYRIL.—For Crown and Covenant. 2nd Impression. 3s. 6d. ..... (Religious Tract Society)

August 10th.

WALTON, MRS. O. F.—Christie's Old Organ. 450th Thousand. 1s. ..... Religious Tract Society)
Christmas and New Year Cards, ½d. to 6d. each (Religious Tract Society)
Motto Cards. Six Series. 1d. each ..... (Religious Tract Society)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Secrets of the Foreign Office, 6s. (Hutchinson)

August 13th.

PASTON, GEORGE.—Romney. Little Arts. 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
COMBE, WILLIAM.—Dance of Death. Illustrated. 2 Vols. Pocket Library. 9s. net ..... (Methuen)
MASEFIELD, J. (Editor).—Keats' Poems, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
LAMBERT, F. A. H.—Surrey. Little Guides. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
MARSH, RICHARD.—A Metamorphosis, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
WHITE, STEWART.—Conjuror's House, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
BACHELLER, IRVING.—Darrell of the Blessed Isles, 6s. (Methuen)
MANN, M. E.—One Another's Burdens, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEX.—Robin Hood, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
DOYLE, SIR A. CONAN.—Round the Red Lamp, 6d. (Methuen)

August 14th.

DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—A Man's Fear, 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

August 20th.

CRAWFORD, V. M. (Translator).—Studies in Saintship, by Hello, 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
WALTON, IZAAK, and CHARLES COTTON.—The Compleat Angler. Illus. Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
BEECHING, H. C., M.A. (Editor).—The Minor Poems of Milton. Little Library. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
STODDART, A. M.—St. Francis of Assisi. Little Biog. 3s. 6d. and 4s. net ..... (Methuen)
MARRIOTT WATSON, H. B.—Alarums and Excursions, 6s. (Methuen)
HOUGH, EMERSON.—The Mississippi Bubble, 6s. ... (Methuen)
PETT RIDGE, W.—'Erb, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SURTEES, R. S.—Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, 6d. .....(Methuen)
STRUTT, JOSEPH (Ed. by J. C. Cox, LL.D.).—Sports and Pastimes of the People of England, 21s. net ..... (Methuen)
ROSCOE, E. S.—Buckinghamshire. Little Guides. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
EARLE, JOHN.—Micro-Cosmographie, 2s. net ..... (Methuen)

August 21st.

BOOTHBY, GUY.—A Twofold Inheritance, 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

August 24th.

FOWLER, ELLEN THORNEYCROFT (Mrs. Felkin).—Place and Power, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

August 27th.

CRUIKSHANK, George (Illustrator).—The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
ELLERTON, F. G.—Memorials of S. J. Stone, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SKETCHLEY, R. E. D.—Watts. Little Arts. 2s. 6d. (Methuen)
EGAN, PIERCE.—Life of an Actor. Illus. Pocket Library. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE (Ed. by G. E. Sampson).—Lyrical Ballads, 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

PHILLIPS, W. A.—Canning, 3s. 6d. and 4s. net ..... (Methuen)
MATHERS, HELEN.—Griff of Griffithscourt, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FINDLATER, MARY.—The Rose of Joy, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MEADE, L. T.—Thirst, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEX.—The Corsican Brothers, 6d. ..... (Methuen)

August 28th.

MITFORD, BERTRAM.—A Veldt Vendetta, 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

September 5th.

MARCHMONT, A. W.—The Shadow of the Czar, 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

New Writers.

SEUMAS MACMANUS AND THE NEW IRISH NOVELS.

HIGH up in the hills of Donegal, on the north-western coast of Ireland, more than a hundred miles from anywhere, lives Seumas MacManus, and there, surrounded by all the magnificent rugged beauty of the mountains, he writes those stories of Irish life, full of the mystic poetry of his ancient land.

Who could help being a poet or a novelist when such rich material lies at hand as the strange customs and habits of the country-side people?

Some years since a little railway train somehow or other found its way through the defiles of these mountain ranges, and, as you stand upon the hilltop, looking down upon the landscape below, you will probably observe this little toy train wandering about, puffing and snorting as if it had lost itself in there, and was ineffectually trying its best to find its way out again. When the little railroad was being made through the valleys, one man, being about in the early dawn, saw the fairies decamping from one of these desecrated haunts, every one of them taking with him a twig, or a leaf, or a shamrock, as a memento of the loved home which they must now flee from. In this wild and mountainous county of Donegal a firm belief in the fairies is, of course, still extant, and plenty of Celtic mysticism still found. The people are yet unspoiled by civilization, and preserve all the beautiful old traits—spirituality, intellectuality, simplicity, and hospitality—for which the Celt was ever remarkable. They are humorous, too, and great tellers of stories and singers of songs—old, old stories, and old, old songs, that seem as old, almost, as the hills. By the fireside at night, in the cabins among the mountains, they gather together to listen to the *seanachies*, who regale them with tale and with song from their seemingly endless store. The *seanachie*, or story-teller, is very frequently a strapping big beggar-man, and wheresoever he chooses to confer for the night the favour of his presence, there the youngsters of the neighbourhood gather in crowds. To the poor—to those who are, in the communistic parlance of this land "looking for their share"—all doors lie open. Beggars come and go as they will, and stay under what roof they please, and as long as they choose.

Throughout the mountains the old Gaelic tongue is still spoken by all, and in it, of course, are their most beautiful tales and poems. Under the influence of the Gaelic Revival Movement now, the Gaelic is beginning to be taught in the schools, and everyone feels confident that it will soon be the language of the country once more. Within a quarter of a mile of the village is one of the ancient holy wells, and an ancient moorland altar. The altar is on the pebbly shore of a lonely lough, and old gnarled thorn trees throw their protecting arms over and around it. The holy well is on the top of the bare moor close by. At a certain period of the year pilgrims come here, and, bare-footed and bare-headed, go through their devotional and penitential exercises by well and altar, and stand in the laving waters of the lough.

SEUMAS MACMANUS AND HIS PUPILS.

The very ancient custom of bale-fires on midsummer night is still a cherished custom here, and on that night all the hilltops speak to heaven with tongues of flame.

In his new book, "A Lad of the O'Friels," Seumas MacManus has written of the people he knows so well, for he himself is of the people. His father was a small farmer, and when seventeen years old Seumas MacManus classified as a teacher, and succeeded to the "Master's" place in the school at which he himself had been taught. While engaged in the drudgery of his professional occupation, he found time to cultivate his literary talents, and he contributed verse and prose to a little country paper, and was not a little proud when his MSS. were accepted by the Dublin journals. But England, at that period, would have none of him. Again and again did he post his stories to English magazines, and they came back with unfailing regularity and regrets.

Only three papers encouraged him to persevere: "Chambers," "The Sketch," and "The Idler." Mean-

SEUMAS MACMANUS AND HIS WIFE ("ETHNA CARBERY").

while Seumas MacManus still wrote, and read what little literature he could lay hands upon. Books very seldom came to that neighbourhood. His favourite authors were Maclaren, Barrie, Neil Munro, Shan Bullock, and Mark Twain.

At last, in 1898, he turned the key of his school door for the last time, and determined to try his fate in the outside world. Next year he visited America, taking with him a stout box full of manuscripts. Unknown and unannounced, but with a typical Irishman's faith in himself, he presented himself at the editorial offices of the leading magazines of New York and other cities. Soon, with the good fortune which only genuine merit could secure, he had the gratification of seeing his work accepted by all the leading periodicals. "I could see at once," a great publisher has said in a printed interview, "that here was a new chord struck in Irish story telling. There was a charm of manner, a native humour, a simplicity, and a power of carrying conviction that constituted a genuine vein in literature." It is not often that a critical publisher speaks with such cordiality about a new aspirant to literary celebrity.

Mr. MacManus spent two winters in America, and then came back to Donegal, though by so doing he knew he was neglecting prospects which his continued sojourn in the States would have amply realised. In America four of his books were published, namely, "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Bewitched Fiddle," "In Chimney Corners," and "Donegal Fairy Tales." The success of these works was phenomenal.

Only a year ago Seumas MacManus sustained the crowning sorrow of his life, in the loss of the wife whom he loved so well,—better known as Ethna Carbery. Her poems and her short stories, filled with all the poetic imagination and fancy of Erin, marked her as a true singer of the people. "A Lad of the O'Friels" is Mr. MacManus' token to her memory, as he says in the touching dedication, "On the day before you looked your last on the land for which your heart beat, your dimming eyes lit up when I whispered that your name would be linked with the little story that your partial heart loved so well."

Seumas MacManus leads an idyllic life among the Donegal hills. He rises early and takes a long walk, thinking probably of future stories. He begins work at 10.30—dictating, never writing—and keeps at it until one o'clock. After that he works no more, but bestrides his bicycle and spends the afternoon visiting old villagers, having a *seanach* (gossip), and thereby finding materials for his books. And at night he is to be found in one or other of the cottages that are scattered about the hills, listening to and joining in the tale-telling. He is of the opinion that Ireland, as a field for the novelist, is one of the finest of modern days—it is practically still unworked; at the particular time, owing to the great change in progress, educational and social, the novelist discovers materials which only occur once in a century. The novels of Lever and Lover paint the days that are long since dead, and though, of course, they are established as classics in English literature, their popularity is on the wane. Now there is arising a new, modern school of Irish writers, who seek to depict the village life of Ireland, following in the footsteps of the "Kailyard" novels—and Seumas MacManus may, without undue praise, be called the master of the new school.

GRAHAM HOPE.

MISS HOPE is of the cadet branch of the Earls of Hopetoun, and cousin of the present Marquis of Linlithgow (the head of the House), to whom her novel "Count Ostermann" is dedicated.

She is the daughter of the distinguished soldier, diplomatist, and inventor, Col. Hope, V.C., who was attaché à la suite to his cousin, Lord Napier and Ettrick, at Washington, where her eldest brother, who is registered as an American subject, was born. Her mother was a Miss Cunninghame-Graham, great granddaughter of Graham of Gartmore, the author of the famous ballad, "If doughty deeds my Lady please." It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Hawkins, better known as Anthony Hope, is said to be a descendant of the same gentleman.

Miss Hope was born at Parsloes, in Essex, the legend-haunted seat of the Fanshawe family, and doubtless the child's impressionable mind was moulded by the atmosphere and tradition of the place, for her love for and study of history has been the chief intellectual passion of her life since the age of 7 years.

It was in this house, at the age of 3½, that Miss Hope suffered the accident which rendered her an invalid for many years, and from which she has but lately recovered.

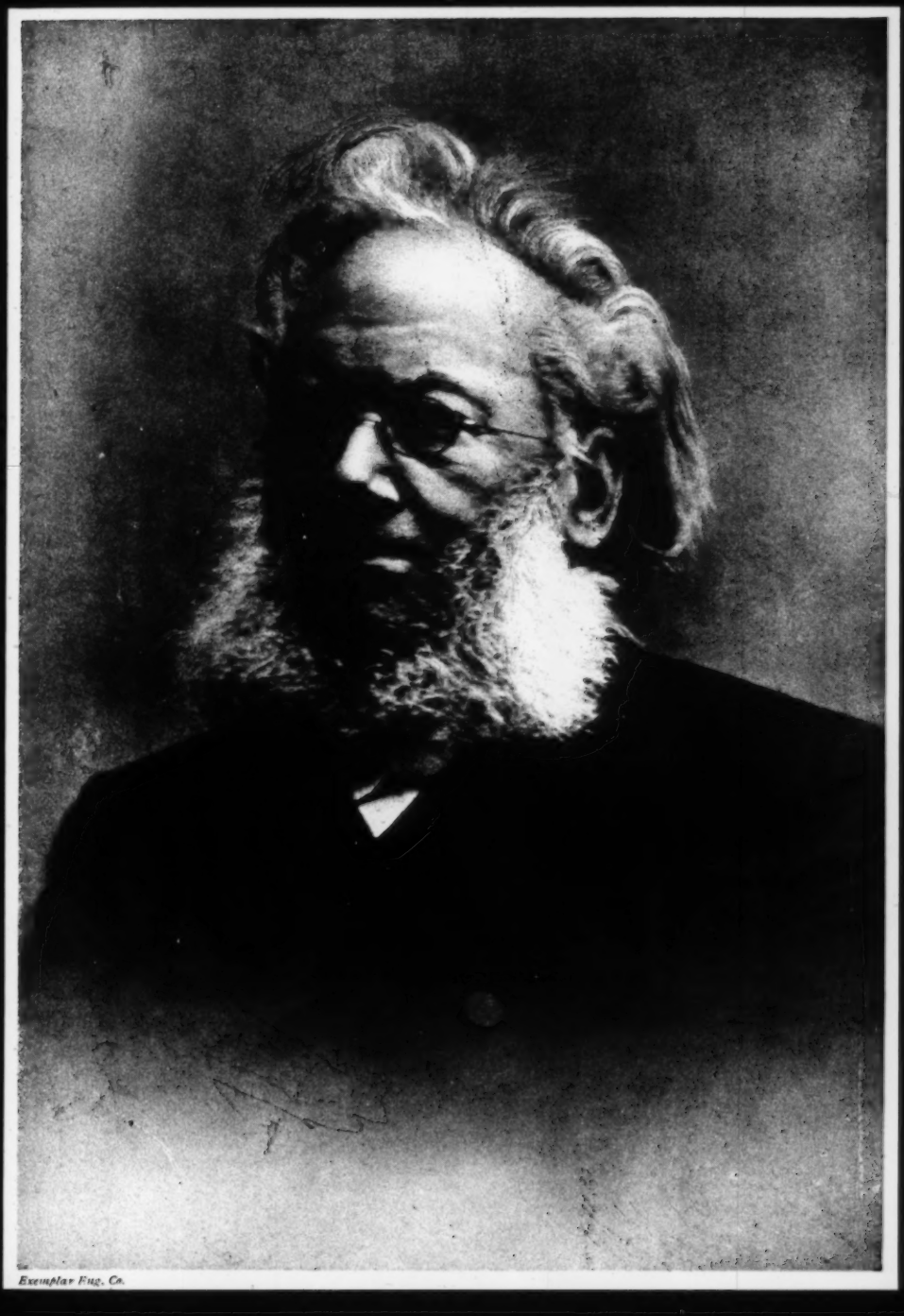
Miss Hope lives at present in Oxford when she is not in town, and a great portion of her historical research is carried on under the blazoned roof of the famous Bodleian Library, where so many of the greatest scholars of England gather the materials for their work.

Miss Hope's first book, "A Cardinal and his Conscience," was first sent to Mr. Murray, who read it in manuscript, and then typed and sent to Smith, Elder, where it was read by the head of that famous firm, the late Mr. George Murray Smith, the friend of Thackeray and Browning, and accepted within three days. The book was at once a success, and has been followed by two others, viz., "Lord Winchenden" and "Count Ostermann." Miss Hope is at present at work upon another romance of the great House of Guise.

An ancestor of Miss Hope's was that Earl of Menteith and Strathearn who lost the latter earldom by his boast that his blood was redder than the King's. The founder of the Hopetoun family—Sir Thomas Hope—was Lord Advocate of Scotland when his son was already judge, and a special Act of Parliament was passed to excuse him from pleading bareheaded when his own son was on the bench. Curiously enough, the same Act had to be passed in the case of Miss Hope's grandfather and great-grandfather, the former of whom was made Dean of Faculty and Judge when only thirty.

Miss Hope's brother is Mr. Adrian Hope, the Secretary of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, and one of the foremost authorities upon hospital work and management in England, while his wife is the famous portrait-painter in pastels.

XUM



Exemplar Eng. Co.

The Reader.

HENRIK IBSEN.

By C. H. Herford.

BROWNING once compared his men and women to prismatic colours into which his instinctively dramatic intellect transmuted his ideal image of humanity. The comparison, intended to be modestly disparaging, happily expressed the ideal affinities which the worst rogues of Browning rarely fail, at one point or other, to betray; the pristine splendour of light has its part in the most ensanguined scarlet and the deepest-flushing purple. He doubtless thought of the famous lines in which Shelley used the same image to express the transmutation wrought in life itself, the "dome of many-coloured light," upon the white radiance of Eternity. The image was, in truth, more just to Browning's joyous optimism than to the far from opalescent hues under which Shelley contemplated the mass of men as they were. Far truer to his real thought, though less touched with the aerial quality of his imagination, is the terrible symbolism of his last fragment, the "Triumph of Life"—the pageant of warped and ruined creatures who have *lived*, and incurred the insidious penalties of drawing breath on earth. This later image, which Browning would undoubtedly have declined, not inaptly renders the fundamentally different temperament of Henrik Ibsen, in many points of poetic and intellectual make so strikingly akin to him. Both poets grew up in an atmosphere in which revolutionary ideas had not ceased to reverberate, nor romantic ideals to allure. Both stood in the foremost rank of the nineteenth century champions of individualism; both were themselves among the most detached individual figures of their time; both were great "fighters," proclaiming, in however different accents, and with whatever reserves, the Carlylean gospel of heroism; and in both, beside the militant and strenuous ethics of will, there ran a strain of romantic faith in Love. But with all these and other fundamental affinities in their ways of approaching life, it is clear that Life itself made a wholly different impression upon them. They weighed the world in scales of apparently very similar construction, but the experiment resulted in startlingly divergent schemes of values. One, in Blougram's ingenious formula, called the chessboard white, the other black. Both applied a keen and remorseless analysis to character, and Browning, no less than Ibsen, had sometimes to prick a bubble reputation; but in the last resort some saving grace unfailingly emerged under his analysis, while Ibsen's concentrated scrutiny elicits almost as inevitably the signs of something rotten and corrupt, or at best elusive and treacherous. To the partisan and plain man in general both procedures involve puzzling results, and the amazement with which readers of Bishop Blougram learned that the "unmasker" of the great Catholic bishop was no enemy of the Catholic church, had its counterpart in the indignation of the Norwegian Liberals of the seventies when they found their brilliant assailant of a hollow Conservatism applying the same remorseless exposure to the progressive schemes of a Consul Bernick, and the enlightened opinions of a "compact Liberal majority." Ibsen is never more impressive than when he is exposing the alloy in the composition of an idealist, or the hollow shams and affectations which sincerity itself will often leave in its train.

His pessimism is, in fact, founded on a distrust not so much of what men are in themselves, as of what they make of one another; it is a criticism of human intercourse, not of human nature. Browning's buoyant outlook, on the contrary, draws no little support from the facility with which goodness in his world diffuses itself through society—communicated, like electricity, by a girl's song, or poured, like wine, from a full soul into an empty one, as young David pours his spiritual plenitude into the devastated spirit of Saul. But these exquisitely

THE HOUSE IN WHICH HENRIK IBSEN WAS BORN AT SKIEN ON THE 20TH OF MARCH, 1828.

"I was, indeed, born in a house on the market-place, 'Stockmanns Gaard,' as it was then called. It stood exactly opposite the front of the church, with its high flight of steps and conspicuous tower. To the right of the church stood the town-pillory, and to the left the town-hall, with the prison and the lock-up for mad persons. The fourth side of the market-square was occupied by the High School and the Lower School. The church stood apart in the middle."—*Autobiography.*

(Reproduced from Jaeger's "Henrik Ibsen," by kind permission of Messrs. Hegel and Son, Copenhagen.)

simple processes are foreign to the difficult and tenacious psychology of Ibsen. In all his most characteristic and decisive work, those who go about to reform their fellow men not only preach vainly to an incorrigible world, like Julian or Brand, but their futility returns upon them, and warps their heroic singleness of purpose into a blind fanaticism. The winning figure of Lona Hessel in the "Pillars of Society," who cleanses her Augean stable of lies and hypocrisies with such complete success, and with so little effort, belongs to the conventions of that most conventional of Ibsen's plays. Gregers Werle, in the "Wild Duck," bears far more indubitably the stamp of Ibsen's mind,—he is a sort of counterpart in the world of morals to Molière's "L'Etourdi" in the world of manners, the well-meaning blunderer whose efforts to promote veracity end in disaster, because he has not the faintest conception of the complexity of the social and moral conditions upon which he launches his primitive moral missiles, and supposes that every mystery is to be dealt with as a lie. The Ibsenian comment upon crude Quixotisms of this kind is given in the searching self-criticism of Rita in "Little Eyolf," when, in the bitterness of her frustrated motherhood, she has proposed to educate the rough peasant children of the neighbourhood: "I am not good enough for it . . . . I have first to educate myself to it." It is not surprising that Ibsen has always stood coldly aloof from the eager political life of his country. He himself owed little to the politicians of Norway but a frugal travelling pension, grudgingly bestowed after a debate in which an angry opponent had declared that the author of "Love's Comedy," then recent, deserved a whipping, not a pension. Parliaments and legislators have always been, in his eyes, monstrous machines for producing deceptive improvements in outer conditions, while leaving the mind and heart untouched. He is the profoundest, the most convinced, and the most innocuous of modern anarchists. His political anarchism is merely an extreme phase of the caustic criticism which he applies to every form of mutual relation among men which has in any degree received the seal of established custom, however benign the influences may be to which, in ordinary experience, it serves as a channel. His criticism of marriage, and of all the relations of family, is well known; it is the great stumbling-block for his disciples. Love presents itself to him chiefly in a sinister, bodeful aspect, as presaging tragi-comedy to follow. Few in our time have drawn love with more poignant lyric intensity; but to be rendered by him without cynical reserve it must have somehow missed the complete realisation which for Ibsen, as for Browning, "savours of disrelish." The shadow of their coming renunciation falls already upon the brief union of Falk and Svanhild in "Love's Comedy," eliciting from this poet of darkness a lyric which makes the betrothal scene in the suburban villa garden at Christiania distinctly recall a more famous meeting in the garden of the Capulets at Verona. All the balmy richness of a May evening and all the ardour and enterprise of spring and youth breathe in these few verses; but the budding leaf is about to fall, and it is no paradox to say that, with Ibsen, the sense of impending autumn is the psychological base which sustains and poises the vision of spring. Before the spring night is over, Svanhild will sadly resign her dreams—

"My life is over now, by lawn and lea;
The leaves are falling;—now the world may take me."

Even the kindred rapture of Solveig, at the close of "Peer Gynt," in the recovered possession of her faithless "boy," is characteristically accompanied by the sinister figure of the redoubtable Button-moulder, and we are left to opine that the strains of her exquisite lullaby will not long have ceased before Peer once more encounters him and finds his proper place in the melting-pot destined for the people who have been nothing in particular. In the later plays, love as a secure, joyous, and uplifting possession, fades further into that background of memory which is the home of most good things in Ibsen. The enduring faith and love of Solveig, without her "hope," are recurring traits in Ibsen's most ideal type of womanhood—that which includes Lona Hessel and Martha Bernick in the "Pillars," and Ella Rentheim in "Borkman." Happiness is for Ibsen a dream, where it is not a memory;—a dream not altogether baseless, but fugitive, elusive, or reached at the price of tragic experience. In the wonderful play of "Rosmersholm"—a consummate, and strangely neglected, opportunity for a great actress—Ibsen has, for once, shown love as a purifying power—a trite Romantic theme generally foreign to his modes of thinking. Rosmer is detached from his narrow clericalism, and Rebekka lifted out of her fierce passion by the spell of their contrasted personalities. But their spiritual emancipation sends them to their doom. The hapless and helpless Beate, whom Rebekka had so easily decoyed to her death in the fatal mill-race, becomes a power when she is dead, and Rebekka refuses the hand she had played that terrible game to secure. Every step in their advance towards spiritual unity is a step towards a final rupture with the earthly conditions of its fulfilment. Rebekka's confession of what she has done for his sake for the moment shatters Rosmer's faith in humanity; he distrusts equally the capacity of men to be "ennobled" and his own capacity to "ennoble" them, and when the woman at his side, in her new and strange humility, assures him that he has at least ennobled *one*, he falls, "as if involuntarily thrust on against his will," says the stage-direction, upon the fateful demand in which the terrible logic of Brand's "All or Nothing" seems to have replaced the cultured humanity of Johannes Rosmer.

Then let me see, Rebekka,—whether you,—for my sake,—this very evening—*(breaking off)*. O no, no, no!

REB.: Yes, Rosmer! Yes, yes! Tell me, and you shall see!

ROS.: Have you courage to,—are you willing to,—gladly, . . . for my sake, now to-night,—gladly,—to go the same way,—that Beate went?

REB. *(rising slowly from the sofa, in an almost voiceless tone)*: Rosmer—!

ROS.: Yes,—that is the question I shall never get free from, —when you are gone. . . . No, you shrink. You do not dare, —what *she* dared.

REB.: But if I did have the courage, now? And the glad will? What then?

ROS.: Then I should be able to trust you. Then I should recover faith in my life's calling once more. Faith in my power to better men. Faith in men's power to be bettered.

HENRIK IBSEN.
From the Painting by Eilif Petersen.

REB. *(slowly drawing her shawl over her head, with self-control):* You shall recover your faith.

ROS.: Have you courage and will—for that, Rebekka?

REB.: That you shall judge of to-morrow,—or afterwards, —when they fish me up.

And then the same mysterious fascination which had compelled Rosmer to make this demand compels him to follow Rebekka, or rather, as they feel in that last brief appalling dialogue—appalling as the hurried questions of Macbeth and his wife after the murder—they are both being borne along by a resistless power, and the

VENSTÖB,
The farm near Skien where Ibsen lived during his boyhood.

"When Henrik Ibsen was eight years old his father became insolvent, and the only possession left to the family when his various creditors were satisfied was a small, neglected, and decayed estate, Venstöb, not far from the town. Here they took refuge from misfortune, and the life they led there was one of poverty and retirement, in strong contrast to their former brilliant position."

(Reproduced from Jaeger's "Henrik Ibsen," by kind permission of Messrs. Hegel and Son, Copenhagen.)

moment in which they attain absolute unity is their last:

ROS.: The husband shall follow his wife, as the wife her husband.

REB.: Yes, tell me this first: Is it you who are following me? Or is it I who am following you?

ROS.: We shall never get to the bottom of that.

REB.: But yet I would fain know it.

ROS.: We two follow each other, Rebekka. I you, and you me.

REB.: I almost think so too.

ROS.: For now we two are *one*.

REB.: Yes. Now we are *one*. Come! We go gladly so.

We seem to hear an ironic echo of this in the symbolic catastrophe of "The Master Builder," where Solness, a more creative and energetic Rosmer, falls shattered to the ground at the moment when he has achieved the "impossible," reared the dizzy air-castle for Princess Hilda Wangel, and become "one" with that spirit of gay romantic enterprise. Ibsen's great strugglers and doubters reach the final insight at the point of death, or die with the utterance on their lips or in their ears: the "He is *Deus caritatis*" rings through the roar of the avalanche as Brand is swept away; and "Galilean, thou hast conquered," breaks from the vanquished Julian as he falls amid the ruins of his work.

Ibsen is the loneliest of great artists, and his lonely nature fetched its inspirations from loneliness. "The strongest man is he who stands alone," he declared through the mouth of Dr. Thomas Stockmann; and the solitary will, strenuously following out its inspirations or its call, and austerely preserved from the contagion of society, has been the principal hold of this idealist upon life. In a much more pregnant sense than usual, criticism of life is the very substance of his poetry. At the core of his nature lies a disdain for actuality akin to, and historically in touch with, that which had led the German Romantics of the generation before his own, to seek refuge in the poetry of legend and fairy tale. For a while he played with the heroic legends of Old Norway. But the actuality he disdained bit with inexorable force upon the senses and the brain of a born realist; while the scientific interpretation of it, which precisely the realist in him could not ignore, was in those very years of his decisive emancipation, the early sixties, engaged in drawing into view the bonds which rivet man to his past, and in this and at countless other points sapping the illusion of the lonely will. The doctrine of heredity only added bitterness to Ibsen's criticism of life by disclosing new springs of misery opening up unfathomable vistas of guilt. His drama is the outcome of this strangely mingled attitude to the world—the expression of a mind drawn by a passion ascetic, puritan, mystic, to repudiate the corroding contact of society, and yet compelled to recognise with more and more desperate conviction the impossibility of isolation. Hence his realism is of a kind quite his own,—the realism of one who paints life not because he loves it, but because he cannot escape it,—careless of its amenities, heedless of its glory of colour and of song, tracing with the bare, hard, unadorned, incisive stroke of an impersonal Fate the tragic issues which grow out of the tangled conditions of life; and yet betraying, behind this dry scrutiny of facts in the sober light of day, the passion, suppressed but ineradicable, of a half-mystic poet for chaos and gloom and night.

HENRIK IBSEN:
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY JESSIE BRÖCHNER.

FROM all the volumes that have been published, from all the letters that have been written, from all that has been said about Henrik Ibsen there rises a singularly distinct picture of a man, consistent as are but few, in his life and in his view of life; of a writer, from his earliest youth imbued with a firm belief in the genius which his own country was none too quick to recognise, but which the world has now been admiring for a generation—and always ready to accept the responsibility which such a gift from heaven entails; of

an earnest and untiring student of life and its problems; of a warrior, never swerving nor flinching; of a man self-contained and self-sufficient, yet warm at heart, scourging his fellow men and women for their frailties and follies with bitter, scathing satire, yet chivalrous and kindly—a striking figure, full of interest and full of sympathy.

Of his boyhood Ibsen has given a fairly exhaustive account, which has been supplemented by some of his schoolfellows. His great-great-grandfather was a Danish skipper, who settled down at Bergen, and his great-great-grandmother was of German extraction. Curiously enough his great-grandmother, his grandmother, and his mother were none of them Norwegians, so that believers in heredity will without much difficulty find ancestral traits of different nationalities blend and reappear in Henrik Ibsen. His parents, Knud Henriksen Ibsen and Marichen Cornelia Martine Altenburg, were married on December 1st, 1825, and their first child, Henrik Johan Ibsen, saw the light on March 20th, 1828, in the small Norwegian town of Skien, in a house on the market place, called Stockmann's House, which was destroyed in the big fire of August, 1886. The four sides of the square were closed in by buildings, and Ibsen himself describes his first view of this world as "all architecture." But this seems to have given him a liking for towns. Erik Werenskjold, his famous countryman, often noticed Ibsen looking at buildings in the course of erection, and Werenskjold one day asked him: "You seem to be fond of architecture?" "Yes, of course," answered Ibsen. "It is in a way my own profession; it is nothing but proportions." Unlike Björnson, he has always preferred the town, and never could understand why with a comfortable home one should rush into the country at the first sign of warm weather, and give up every day comforts, the quiet of one's study and one's café. Ibsen the boy was to an unusual degree the father of Ibsen the man. When Henrik was eight years old his parents, who had removed to a more commodious house, were obliged to leave the town on account of his father's failure. They then went to live on a small farm, Venstöb, outside Skien, but his native place, the "small Norwegian coast town" of so many of his dramas, had already left upon his youthful mind impressions, mostly dismal and sombre perhaps, which have never vanished, and of which several of his plays bear witness. Both in Skien and at Venstöb Henrik Ibsen showed a remarkable liking for solitude, reading, drawing, building, conjuring being his favourite occupations. The Ibsen family lived in the country six years, and then went back to Skien, where Henrik had attended the "Real Skole." One of his schoolfellows, Dean B. Ording, gives some interesting reminiscences of Ibsen in the "Fädrelandet" in 1878. However much there is altered, he says, in much he still resembles the schoolboy with the clever head, the power of clear conception, the somewhat irritable temper, with a sharp tongue, inclined to satire but at the same time kindly and a good comrade. His gift for drawing and painting was unmistakeable. Several of these youthful efforts in oil and watercolour are still in existence. In some of his sketches his weakness for satire betrayed itself, for instance, in the small drawing, called "Public Opinion," which represented a man driving a couple of pigs in front of him. Ibsen's love for and interest in art have never left him, but his talents in this direction were never really developed, although he continued to draw and paint up to about 1860. He was very fond of history, displaying in conversation about historical characters and events a surprising warmth and depth; old classic history in particular seems to have interested him. His schoolfellow relates how Ibsen one day read aloud a description of a dream he had had, and which he had conveyed to paper, the recital producing considerable effect upon the boys.

"Once when wandering on the mountain slopes I and my comrades were overtaken by darkness, we were tired out, and had lost our way. Like Jacob in former days we laid ourselves down on the ground, using stones for our pillows. My comrades soon slept—myself I could not sleep. At last my fatigue overwhelmed me. In my dream an angel bent over me and said: 'Stand up and follow me!' 'Whither wilt thou lead me in this

GRIMSTAD,

Where Ibsen was apprenticed to an apothecary for more than five years, and where it was said that he "walked about like a mystery sealed with seven seals."

Like most of the towns of Norway east of Christiansand, Grimstad is a small seaport, well-to-do and substantial, and wealth means comfort. . . . In such a town there is but one club, one apothecary, one barber's room, and one inn. The apothecary's shop is the "Exchange," where all the idlers of the place meet to discuss the events of the day.

(Reproduced from Jaeger's "Henrik Ibsen," by kind permission of Messrs. Hegel and Son, Copenhagen.)

darkness?' I asked. 'Come,' the angel repeated, 'I will show thee a vision, the life of man in its reality and truth.' Then I followed in fear, and down we went as if descending some gigantic steps until the mountains arched themselves above us like mighty domes, and outside was a vast city of the dead, with all the terrible signs and traces of death and corruption; a whole world lying dead, gathered in under the power of death, a faded, paled, extinct glory. Above it all a dim, faint light, sombre as the light church walls and white crosses on graves shed over a grave-yard, and in infinite rows lay white bleached skeletons extending over the dark space. This sight filled me with a cold terror as I stood by the angel's side. 'Here thou seest all is corruption.' Then came a rustle like the first faint signs of an approaching storm, like a thousandfold groaning sigh, and it grew into a shrieking storm, so that the dead were moved, and they stretched out their arms towards me . . . . and with a cry I awoke, wet with the cold dew of the night." This dream, says his old schoolfellow, may assuredly be taken as an omen, a prophecy of Ibsen's later life as poet and writer—the boy's dream became the keynote that rings through his work.

After his confirmation at the age of fifteen, Henrik Ibsen left the parental home; as there was no possibility of his going in for art, which was no doubt his wish at that time, he was apprenticed to Reimann, the apothecary at Grimstad, a small town with 800 inhabitants. Ibsen remained there until March, 1850, when Christiania became his home. Whilst at Grimstad the poet got the upper hand of the painter. Besides his first drama, "Catilina," Ibsen wrote a number of verses, to do which he had to burn the midnight oil, as he had not only to attend to his work, but to his forthcoming examination, which was the first and necessary step towards

HENRIK IBSEN IN MIDDLE LIFE.
From a Photograph.

HENRIK IBSEN.
Photo by Budtz Müller & Co.

the study of medicine. Still his writings probably took the lion's share of his time and interest. Some of his verses at that period betray a dreamy melancholy resignation with his lot, in most of them however are signs heralding the Ibsen of coming years. A revolutionary spirit was rising within him, called forth and nourished by the great political events of 1848 and 1849, prompting him to fervent sympathy with the oppressed. This sentiment did not please the good folks of Grimstad, with whom Ibsen's relations were not of the friendliest, but it was the forerunner of much that characterised his later work. Henrik Ibsen at Grimstad was in embryo the Henrik Ibsen of thirty years later, and he was already a lonely man in more ways than one; Ibsen, who has since asked questions which it has taken the world all its time to answer, in Grimstad began already to give expression to questioning doubt and scepticism, at times perhaps coupled with what then seemed to him futile and useless desire.

In No. 431 of the "Christianiaposten," for 1849, Ibsen's first poem appeared in print, and his faithful friend, Ole Schulerud (Ibsen, at least in his earlier years, had closer friends than is generally believed) who may be said to have been the first to discover Ibsen, tried in vain to place "Catilina," which play Ibsen had sent to Christiania. It was eventually published with money Schulerud managed to borrow, but at the time it was not a success from any point of view. In March, 1850, Ibsen himself went to Christiania, "with a few daler in his pocket" (a daler is about 2s. 3d.). To begin with, he shared the room of his devoted friend Schulerud, then a student, with a small monthly allowance, "insufficient for one, let alone two," and the two friends lived under distinctly "poetic" circumstances. After a hurried preparation at Heltberg's well-known "Studenterfabrik" (students' manufactory), Ibsen passed his first and I believe only academic examination in an anything but brilliant manner, some of his "characters," notably Latin, Greek, and mathematics, being exceptionally bad.

HENRIK IBSEN.
Photo by W. Höffert.

It should, however, be remembered that Ibsen had carried on his studies under difficulties, his mind being engrossed in other subjects. Whilst studying under Heltberg's auspices, Ibsen not only became acquainted with men like Björnson, Vinje, and others (although Ibsen and Björnson never became great friends, they met now and again in after life, always showing each other much courtesy), but he soon fell in with young men of advanced, not to say revolutionary political views, without, however, becoming entangled in the difficulties which overtook some of his friends. He was not arrested as were two or three of them, and he continued his literary and journalistic work, having made up his mind to abandon the study of medicine in order to follow a literary and public career. Ibsen's first efforts were published under the pseudonym of Brynjulf Bjarne, and it was in this name that Schulerud made for him his first agreement, selling to Steensballe, the publisher, the rights of a first edition of four to five hundred copies of "Kjæmpehöjen" (The Warrior's Mound), and a poem, "The Golden Harp," for a sum of twenty-five species daler. Ibsen's present publishers in Copenhagen, Messrs. Hegel and Son, have so far published 104 editions of his works, several editions being of 10,000 copies or more, besides 16,000 copies of the dramatist's collected works. "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" are the favourites, with fifteen and twelve editions respectively.

Ibsen signed a more important agreement twelve months later (November 6th, 1851) with the theatre at Bergen, according to which "he was to assist the theatre as dramatic author." This post he obtained through the influence of Ole Bull, the violinist. After a trip the following year to Copenhagen and Dresden, he renewed the contract for five years, with an annual salary of 300 species daler, a period of practical theatrical work, which no doubt tended to develop the subtleties of that unique dramatic technique which so many playwrights have in vain tried to imitate. Every year a new play by Ibsen was produced, and Ibsen, with his marvellous care for details, himself designed numerous costumes, etc., many of these drawings being still in existence. Ibsen led on the whole a quiet, isolated life, though a frequent and welcome guest in one house at least, that of Dean Thoresen, whose daughter, Susanna Daae Thoresen, afterwards became his wife.

The five years over, Ibsen, at his own desire, left Bergen, of which town he seems to have pleasant recollections, and which he revisited thirty years later, in 1885, on this occasion superintending the performance of "Fru Inger til Ostraat." Unlike Björnstjerne Björnson, Ibsen has, in after life, shown but little interest in the theatrical performances of his plays; he has, in fact, comparatively rarely visited the theatre.

In Christiania, Ibsen, who the following year paid a visit to Bergen to celebrate his marriage, took over the post of Artistic Director of the Norwegian Theatre. A time of disappointment and trouble was in store for him, his mind being filled with bitterness at the scanty appreciation he met with. "They would not even offer me a cigar," he said many years after, during a conversation with a friend in Rome. He had much difficulty in making ends meet. In an application to the Government for a grant—March 10th, 1863—Ibsen says straight out, "To live exclusively or principally from literary work is an impossibility in this country." His best paid work, "Hærmændene," which took him about a year, only brought him 227 species daler. Seeing no prospect of improved conditions of life in Norway, he contemplated migrating to Denmark. "To leave my fatherland and give up a work which I have hitherto considered, and still consider, to be the real vocation of my life is, however, a step which to me is indescribably bitter." In order to avoid this, and as a last resource, he humbly asked that a proposal for a grant of 400 sp. dl.

IBSEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.
Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH IBSEN LIVED AT CHRISTIANIA DURING HIS STUDENT DAYS.

"Henrik Ibsen arrived at Christiania in the month of March, 1850, to finish his studies for examination. Like every other man who at that time was anxious to get into the University as quickly as possible, he went to the school kept by Heltberg, a crammer, and a very gifted and original teacher, by whom, in the course of a year or two, the raw materials of youth were hammered and moulded into practical student form."—Jaeger's "Henrik Ibsen."

Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.

might be laid before the "Storthing"; but this, as well as a previous application made in 1860, was of no avail, and it was not until 1866 that Ibsen obtained his wish. Shortly after the publication of "Brand" he wrote from Rome direct to King Carl XV. a document possessed of much interest. . . . "The first-fruits of my travels have now been laid before the public in the shape of my dramatic poem called 'Brand,' recently published in Copenhagen, which has already, a few weeks after its publication, attracted attention also outside the borders of my fatherland; but I cannot live on the many expressions of thanks which I have received, and the remuneration from my publisher, however liberal under the circumstances, is also insufficient to enable me to continue my travels and to ensure even my most immediate future. It is on the advice, by telegram, from friends in Christiania that I take this unusual step, applying direct to your Majesty. . . . It is not for a livelihood free from trouble that I am here fighting, but for that life's work which I steadfastly believe and know God has laid upon me—the life's work which to me appears the most important and most necessary in Norway; to awaken the people and call forth great thoughts within them. . . . My King is therefore my only and my last hope. It rests with your Majesty whether I must be silent and bow under the bitterest self-denial which can befall a human soul, that of having to abandon my life's work, having to yield when I know that I have been given the weapons of the mind for fighting, a self-denial tenfold more bitter because I have never yielded to this day." . . .

This manly and straightforward appeal was backed up in various ways by friends at home, who forwarded a petition to the "Storthing." The matter was pushed forward, and on May 12th, 1866, the Legislature of his country almost unanimously granted Ibsen the asked for "Digtergage" (Poet's salary).

In the meantime Ibsen was beset with troubles of various kinds in Christiania. His mind was slow in becoming matured and his powers in assuming definite shape. He exercised then, as always, an almost excessive self-criticism. As one of his biographers says, "Ibsen was one of those individuals whom outward circumstances, even want, could hardly drive to any productiveness beyond the temporary impulse of inspiration." No one can have a greater reverence for his work; no one has given, with more earnest zeal, his whole life to the cause of his art. One of his friends said of him that he was apparently always working, in the house and out, at meals, during his walks, and, probably not least, at his café, where his personal friends were not in the habit of disturbing him even by saluting him. Besides, Ibsen has himself said that he did not go to a café to drink beer (or pjolter), he went to work, to "digte," in the sweat of his brow. When Ibsen's mind was brooding over a new work he became more secluded than ever, his susceptibility increased, he was entirely absorbed in himself, the smallest trifle distracted him. Ibsen simply lived with his characters, became familiar with them, viewed them from every side over and over again; hence their absolute perfection. Not only was his MS. faultless, without a blot or correction, but every sentence, every word had been tried in the golden balance of his genius. A friend once asked Ibsen how he came to call the heroine of "A Doll's House" Nora. "You know," answered Ibsen, confidently, "that she was really called Leonore, but she was the pet of the family and they all called her Nora!"

In spite of many bitter memories, which he could not entirely shake off, a new life began for Ibsen when he set out from Christiania, in the spring of 1864, "having broken his chains," as he himself said, *en route* for the Eternal City, where in the autumn he was joined by his wife and child. He soon learned to love Rome, revelled in its classic surroundings, and enjoyed the companionship of kindred spirits. This visit to Rome inaugurated a protracted residence abroad. It is almost a matter of surprise that Ibsen, a lover of extreme regularity in habits, changed his abode so often during twenty-seven years, now residing in Rome, now in Dresden, now in Munich, living nearly all the time in furnished apartments.

In Rome a classic motif loomed in his mind, but it was allowed to remain in abeyance for several years, a fact the world has no reason to regret, for instead he wrote "Brand," published in 1866, and "Peer Gynt," published in 1867. These two dramas literally came as a revelation. The Government grant, already referred to, the success first of "Brand" and then of "Peer Gynt," brought, in the nick of time, that turn of the tide of which Ibsen was then so badly in need.

Ibsen had now become a famous man, and received

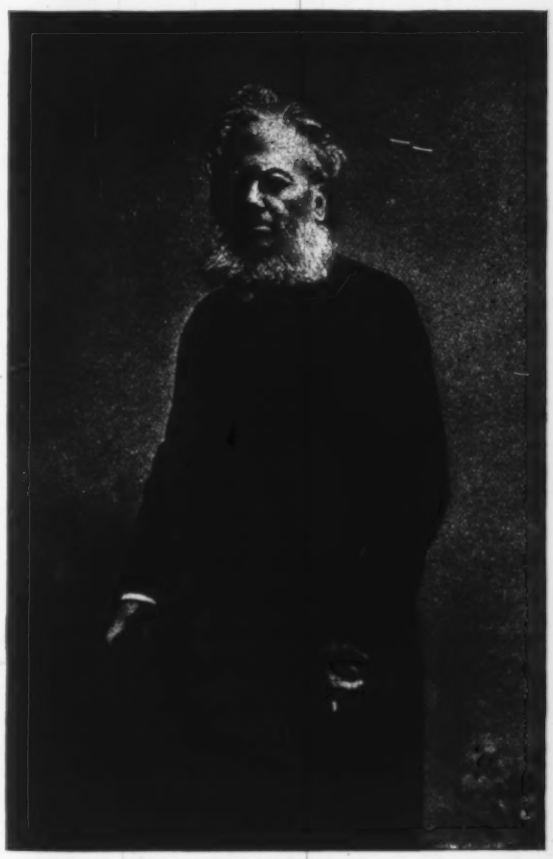
in Stockholm his first Order from the King's own hands. He was one of the party of eighty-six celebrities who set out from Marseilles as official guests on board the *Moetis* at the opening of the Suez Canal—a pageant which made a considerable impression on him. Of this trip to Egypt and up the Nile, "this six to seven weeks' dream," Ibsen has given a pithy description in his delightful "balloon letter" to a Swedish lady (Dresden, December, 1870), which simply teems with Ibsen sentiment and confessions, playfully set forth, but seriously enough meant. Beyond the Bismarck era he sees the world, the world that "hungers for beauty," steering to a prelude of hymns and chorales, in the new dawn, towards the Land of Promise. In the meantime, he takes refuge in his "room," for he dislikes the mob, prefers not to be splashed by the dirt of the street, awaiting the fulness of time, daintily-gloved, and in festive attire—a humorous but admirably telling snapshot of himself.

At this time Ibsen was greatly affected by the events of the day; his mind rebelled against the brutal military spirit of Prussia. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "The revolt of the human race is the main thing." Ibsen's letters, of which a selection will ere long be given to the world, will be found to possess a wealth of brilliant and original thoughts and sayings. In another letter about the same period he says: "Friends are an expensive luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a call and a mission in this life, one cannot afford to keep friends. The expensive part is not what one does for them, but what one, out of consideration for them, leaves undone. Many mental germs are crippled thereby. I have been through it, and therefore I have behind me several years during which I did not succeed in becoming myself." . . .

The following year, 1871, Ibsen began writing "Julian," which was published in the autumn of 1873. This is his most voluminous work, fascinating, but difficult to fathom in its mystic symbolism. Some of Ibsen's other works have at times been mentioned as those upon which he set the greatest store, but in a conversation, a few years ago, Ibsen distinctly stated that he looked upon "Julian" as his principal drama, and it is not without interest to notice that it is the only work to which he referred in his two best-known public speeches, the one to the students in Christiania on September 10th, 1874, and the speech he delivered at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm on September 24th, 1887. The first part of "Julian" has recently been produced with much effect, both in Norway and Sweden.

In the year 1874 Henrik Ibsen visited Norway after an absence of ten years, ten years which had revolutionised not only his circumstances but also his country's estimation of her now famous son. In answer to an ovation the students accorded him, Ibsen made a speech, marked by a manly, outspoken candour. He said that although he had felt it had become a necessity for him to see his country again, yet he had had serious doubts and misgivings as to the manner in which his countrymen would receive him. His books had met with an honourable reception, but he was uncertain as to his personal relations with his countrymen. It was no use denying that there had been discord, of a double nature as far as he could see. People thought that he had viewed his personal and private circumstances in the old country with unwarrantable bitterness and, secondly, it had been laid at his door that he had attacked things Norwegian which many thought did not by any means deserve being treated with scorn. He did not think that he could turn that happy and honourable day to better account than by making a confession. He had never made his private circumstances the immediate subject of any of his work, they had not weighed very heavily upon him, and as for his writings, it had been slow in dawning upon him that to write was principally to see, and that only what has been lived through can be seen by the writer and received by the reader. And he had written not only about what might be said to stand higher than his everyday self, but he had also written about the reverse, about that which to the inner eye appeared like the residue of one's own being. Writing had in this case been to him like a bath from which he had emerged, purified, sounder, freer. . . .

After some months' stay in Dresden, Ibsen, in the spring of 1875, took up his residence in Munich, where he spent a couple of quiet years, for the summer months going to Berchtesgaden in the Tyrol, of which place he



HENRIK IBSEN.

At a certain hour, shortly after the usual time for *aftensmad*, or early supper, there is to be seen, at any rate in fine weather, slowly sauntering down the Carl Johans Gade, a somewhat solidly-built man, a little below the middle height, dressed in black broadcloth, with coat buttoned across the chest, wearing the neatest of gloves, and walking with one hand behind his back and carrying an umbrella in the other, who, with keen, watchful eyes, surveys the passers-by, and now and then salutes some acquaintance or one of the many strangers who greet him, by lifting his glossy silk hat. Dr. Ibsen's hair and whiskers are characteristic adjuncts of his remarkable physiognomy, of which a hawk-like nose and firmly compressed lips are peculiar features.—"Dr. Ibsen at Christiania," by E. J. Goodman.

Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.

HENRIK IBSEN.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

appears to have grown fond. In 1877 he proceeded to Sweden in order to receive on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the ancient University of Upsala the degree of Honorary Doctor of Philosophy, being with much solemnity adorned with the laurel wreath. Having wintered in Rome, Ibsen spent the summer of 1879 at Amalfi, where he wrote "A Doll's House"—presumably the one of his dramas which within the shortest time attracted the most universal attention, nowhere more so than in Copenhagen, then already for more than a decade the acknowledged literary headquarters of Henrik Ibsen. Two years later "Ghosts," which Ibsen wrote on the borders of the Bay of Naples, appeared, likewise causing a tremendous stir, and in many quarters considerable indignation.

During the following years Ibsen changed his place of residence several times, gravitating between Rome and Munich, often spending the summer in the Tyrol, where he met both Björnson, after an interval of twenty years, and Jonas Lie.

After a second visit to Norway in 1885, Ibsen in the autumn again went to live in Munich, where he was an extremely well-known figure, and where he spent some happy years, not unfrequently associating with Northern or German confrères.

Ibsen, like Björnson, has used living models for his dramas—he said it was as necessary for him as for a painter or a sculptor—but whilst in some of the latter's plays they are almost transparently recognisable, Ibsen's models have first passed through a purging or moulding process from which they have emerged in accordance with the dramatist's ideals.

In the summer of 1887 Ibsen spent two or three months at the Danish watering-place, Sœby, on the east coast of Jutland, where he "discovered the sea"—rather late in the day considering that he is a son of Norway's "ocean-girded shores." At a dinner-party at the Hegel's he subsequently spoke of this wonder that had come to him, pointing out the fact that Norway had "a profusion of stones," but Denmark had given him the free and sunny sea; now he wanted friendship and outstretched hands.

From Denmark Ibsen went to Stockholm, and at a great fête given in his honour at the Grand Hotel, September 24th, 1887, he made a remarkable speech. He said that he believed in evolution, also in the domain of the mind. He thought the time was soon coming when political and social ideas would cease to exist in their present form, and from them would emanate a unity, having within itself the conditions of happiness for the human race. He thought poetry and philosophy and religion would blend into a new life-power, of which those now living could have no clear conception. He had on several occasions been told that he was a pessimist, and so he was, inasmuch as he did not believe in the eternity of human ideals. But he was also an optimist, inasmuch as he believed that ideals have the power to propagate and develop, tending towards "the Third Kingdom" spoken of in "Julian." He drank to the health of that which was to come.

From Germany Ibsen in the year 1891 went to live in Christiania, which town has been his home ever since. The series of his wonderful dramas, for a long time appearing with the utmost regularity every second year, was in the year 1899 brought to what must be called an appropriate conclusion by the Epilogue: "When We Dead Awaken." The seventieth birthday of the great master gauged in the most convincing manner the depth and the breadth of his world-wide fame. Unfortunately the seventy-fifth anniversary of Henrik Ibsen's birth had to be passed in enforced quiet, he having for the last two years been more or less of an invalid. He still drives out occasionally, but is only rarely able to see anyone. He has had the great satisfaction of seeing his only child, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, who is married to Bergliot, the eldest daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson, successfully embarked upon what bids fair to become a brilliant career. Dr. Sigurd Ibsen is now Norwegian Councillor of State in Stockholm, and undoubtedly destined to play a prominent part in Norwegian politics.

"TO MY UNKNOWN TRANSLATOR."

By William Barry, D.D.*

YOU wish me to say something about my life which may serve as a prologue to the German edition of "The Wizard's Knot." It is a very flattering request for me, but one which I cannot easily fulfil.

I would rather speak of my books than of myself, and rather than of the books themselves I would speak of the personages who play their parts therein, and of the places, events, and experiences therein shown forth. All this I should like to do in connection with what your philosophers call "Weltanschauung," which indeed has been my chief stimulus to creative effort.

But, since you wish it so, I will try to give you a brief survey of my life. I dwell in an old country house, not large, but prettily built. The house stands in the midst of a large garden, adorned with grass lawns, flower beds, and clumps of trees, and though somewhat of a wilderness, yet romantic in its general effect. This home of mine lies on the banks of the Thames, not far from Oxford. Hard by a great bridge casts its shadow on the water, and just beyond the garden rises an Augustinian Abbey five centuries old. Away in the distance can often be seen the range of the Chiltern hills, wrapped in blue haze. Here I have lived for the last eighteen years. All around me has a peculiarly English character: the village of Dorchester with its Roman remains, the river, the abbey, the garden, and the little Gothic chapel which I serve, and which I can see from my garden. But I myself am nowise English. My ancestors—as far back as I can trace our family history—were Irishmen, Celts, Catholics. My earliest recollections are bound up with the Gaelic speech, which I have tried to reproduce in this tale.

Though born in London, I have lived so much in foreign lands, that I have learned to look on my native country almost with the eyes of a foreigner. I have lived among books, at any rate I have never been far away from them, but I have also spent many years in great cities. It is thirty years since I learnt to know Rome; I saw Paris, before the destruction of the Tuileries; I am a stranger to no part of Italy; I have seen Athens and the banks of the Rhine. Eight years ago I visited Washington and Chicago. That I know Ireland goes without saying—Ireland with its purple mists, its green, fairy-peopled hills, its long, silvery fjords, and its ruined churches and castles built on islands in the midst of ghost-haunted waters, and abandoned to solitude and decay. In this book I have painted the land, as it lives in my remembrance, and as I have learnt to know and love it from my travels, from conversations with friends now dead, and from legendary lore. Of all lands which I have visited it is wrapped in the deepest and most melancholy beauty: April and the wild west wind, in one part precipitous, bare, and sterile rocks, in the south an almost tropical vegetation—such is the picture which Ireland offers to the traveller.

In my youth I had no thoughts of writing books; I had far too much reverence for great names. Yet I read much, and was brought up in the ideas at that time called liberal. Their fruit is to be found in my book "The New Antigone"; the work is the offspring of that time of idealism. All my acquaintances were reformers in their views, some even revolutionaries. Later on I made the acquaintance of a circle of English Catholics, who belonged to the Oxford Tractarian Movement, and, both men and women, favoured the most extreme conservatism. Their best thoughts were drawn, almost unknown to themselves, from the German Romantic School.

I pursued my studies under the direction of famous teachers at Oscott (Warwickshire). There, too, I saw Cardinal Newman. In 1868 I became a student at the English College in Rome. The following five years of my life I spent either in Rome itself or at Tusculum and in the Alban Mountains. I have painted the Italian scenery in "Arden Massiter."

Dante, Thomas Aquinas, Goethe, Æschylus and the Roman masterpieces had the most powerful attraction for me. Teachers of mark, like Cardinal Franzelin and Cardinal Tarquini, were not wanting. There was also no lack of exciting events: the Vatican Council, the Franco-German war, the occupation of Rome by the

HENRIK IBSEN.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

* A Translation of the Preface to the German Edition of Dr. Barry's works.

HENRIK IBSEN.
From a Photograph.

Italians under General Cadorna, which last event took place amid the thunder and lightning of cannons—all these I witnessed. Further, I saw Pius IX. when he showed himself in the Eternal City for the last time. I stood close to him as he ascended the *Scala santa* on his knees, praying the while, an old man with white hair, dark eyes, and a spirit of fire. Before I left Rome I had a private audience with him, and received his blessing. The conversation was characteristic of him; he said many witty and satirical things. Both before and after this audience I spent many a pleasant day in the Vatican.

After my return to England I lived for seven years in a college. I travelled much between times, wrote metaphysical disquisitions for important periodicals, and gradually acquired my present views on questions of culture. I may claim that they rest on a combination of the Greek and German points of view. On the one hand Goethe unveiled to me a world of secrets, but to Sophocles also I owe an infinite debt; the greatest of all teachers, however, is life itself.

What life has taught me I have indicated in various essays, which for the most part have been unsigned. I have written critical studies on George Eliot, Carlyle, Amiel, Auerbach, George Sand, Balzac, Wagner, Nietzsche, and others, a long list of names which if given in full would weary the reader.

When in 1880 I resigned my professorship of Theology it had become clear to me that literature is in these modern days the true medium of expression for maxims and principles of life, and that Goethe's is the voice which has sounded most clearly and with most fulness of knowledge. And yet I am not a blind adorer of this mightiest of modern prophets, and particularly not of his monism. It may well be wished that he had always remained true to the views on "the religion of sorrow" which he set forth in the second part of "Wilhelm Meister."

In 1887 was published—anonymously—my first book, "The New Antigone." It is taken from real life, and contains a protest both against "free love" and against the sanguinary revolutionary school, of which the master-stroke was the assassination of Alexander II. The book, which has been widely read, attracted, as I was informed by Mr. Kinglake, the attention of the Russian Government, and led to an exchange of views between me and a very well known Russian agent in London. In 1894 I was appointed to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, London, on "The Masters of Modern Thought"—Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, and Spinoza. In 1897 was celebrated the Edmund Burke centenary, and on that occasion I delivered the customary speeches, both in London and in Dublin.

My second book, "The Two Standards," might be called a romance of the money-market. It appeared in 1899. My story, "Arden Massiter," of which the scene is laid in Italy, and which appeared in 1900, depicts an old family of the papal nobility, the Sarelli of Rocca-Forte, whose foundations are so shaken and undermined that the mere passing shadow of new ideas causes it to fall. The bearer of these new ideas is an English socialist, Arden Massiter, from whom the book takes its title. The book contains prophetic suggestions, which have since found a sad fulfilment in the assassination of King Humbert, a lamentable event, calculated to put all friends of progress out of heart. Tiberio Sforza, the villain of the piece, is unfortunately taken from real life.

If you ask of me the moral of the Celtic tale which lies before you, I can only say that sin, as the fate of Baroness Liscaroll shows, eats away like slow poison the life of all whom it touches. This has always been my experience. Sin is a pestilence whose malignant influence spreads far around. Yet I never can and never will believe that innocent creatues, who through sin suffer temporal ruin, are also lost for all eternity. Innocence, selfless love, heroism, belong to the eternal. Evil may destroy itself; good can only suffer martyrdom and fly away to that land of ideals, which is in truth the highest reality. If I had written my fairy tale in German, the following lines would have contained the moral of the story. With them I end this account of myself.

"Erst senkt sein Haupt aufs kühle Polster nieder,
Dann badet ihn im Tau aus Lethes Flut;
Gelenk sind bald die krampferstarrten Glieder,
Wenn er gestärkt dem Tag entgegen ruht.
Vollbringt der Elfen schönste Pflicht:
Gebt ihn zurück dem heiligen Licht."

("Faust," Part II., Act I.)

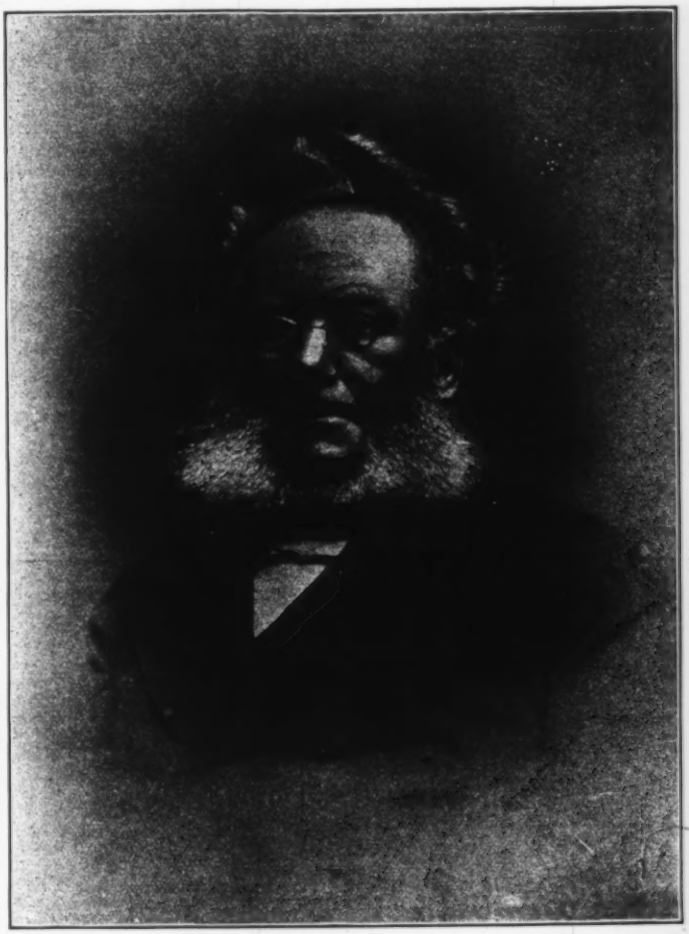
New Books.

THE LIFE AND LABOUR OF THE PEOPLE OF LONDON.*

In this final volume, this "crowning mercy," Mr. Charles Booth takes leave of his investigations of the life and labour of the people of London in a farewell, eloquent, simple, and pathetic. "The dry bones that lie scattered over the long valley that we have traversed together lie before my reader, may some great soul, master of a subtler and nobler alchemy than mine, disentangle the confused issues, reconcile the apparent contradictions in aim, melt and commingle the various influences for good into one divine uniformity of effort, and make these dry bones live so that the streets of our Jerusalem may sing with joy." Mr. Booth may rest from his labours in the consciousness that his works will most assuredly follow him; he has proved himself to be one of the world's true empire builders, and citizens alive to-day, as well as generations yet unborn, are, and will be, under a deep obligation to him for the seventeen years' work comprised in these seventeen volumes. The first half of the present book is devoted to Notes on Social Influences; the second half to a summary of the contents of the preceding sixteen volumes, together with various tables, and a map showing the churches, schools, and public-houses in the Metropolis.

The notes to which we have referred deal with Marriage and Morality, Sunday Holidays and Amusements, Betting, Drink, Clubs, Public-houses, Prostitution, Police and Crime, Hospitals and Nursing, Housing, etc., etc. The most valuable notes are those referring to the Housing problem, since this is a root question, and if only the conditions under which so many people are compelled to live can be altered, numerous evils arising from those conditions will be reduced if not extinguished. No one will dispute the statement that drink causes poverty, but not everybody would admit the converse, which is equally true, viz., that poverty causes drink. Our wonder is not that men and women deprived of the elementary rights of existence are so often drunk, but that they are ever sober. There is a monotonous reiteration about the reports presented: "decency, modesty, cleanliness, etc., are made impossible; so full are the people of natural virtue, that with better housing there would be no difficulty." "Crowded homes send men to the public-house." "Crowding main cause of drink and vice." "Incest is common owing to overcrowding." "The root of evil is deficient house accommodation." "Father, mother, and eight children in one room." "Man and wife, two sons, ages twenty-seven and twenty-one, and two daughters, ages twenty-one and eighteen, all living in one room." Such instances are common. Again we read: "In one street in Southwark it is said that there are eight hundred people living in thirty-six houses." Let the reader of this review imagine for five minutes what this means. We do not think that at the end of the five minutes either he or she will be inclined to pass judgment on any sin committed by those whose days are passed in these hells. It would be the purest mockery to speak of home or family life in such a connection. The sense of privacy, the pride of ownership and responsibility never for a moment lighten the lives of these sons and daughters of the Most High. Model dwellings do little if anything to solve the problem. They have no beauty to make them desired; if they are necessary they are necessary evils. No adequate solution of the Housing problem is possible which does not appeal to those "instincts immature," which are the birthright of every human being; the most indestructible of these being love of the beautiful. What are the remedies which Mr. Booth proposes? "Manifestly," he writes, "there can be no cure that does not include expansion. Given freedom to expand, there would quickly be a great change." "To make the expansion required it is necessary that houses should be built, as well as the means of communication provided, and that the charges should not be prohibitive. The limiting conditions are therefore time and cost of travel and rent." With reference to time Mr. Booth remarks, very truly, that the rule of living near work does not apply to men of settled employment. These could move farther out. Tube railways, trams, and motor omnibuses, with a single maximum (if not also minimum) fare for all distances would dispose of the second difficulty; as to rent, "it is inconceivable" to Mr. Booth "that without private enterprise any agency should be able to supply the houses needed. If this is so the rents must be fairly remunerative, but there is no reason for supposing that adequate rents would not be obtained. As it is, wherever good means of communication are available houses spring up, but the larger part of the pecuniary advantage of improved locomotion goes to the owners of existing houses, or of land not yet built upon. If, however, there were increased competition in the supply of houses, consequent on the opening up of building sites over the whole circle of Greater London, this tendency would be very much less marked, and it could, if desirable, be met by some readjustment in the incidence of rating." There are then five methods of solving the Housing problem, viz.: (1) Regulations against overcrowding, etc. (2) The acquisition by the authorities of special areas for demolition and reconstruction. (3) The obligation enforced upon those who obtain Parliamentary powers for acquiring sites for industrial, municipal, or other private or public purpose (even if it be for the destruction of overcrowding and insanitary property) to "re-house" those whose homes are disturbed, or at any rate a proportionate number of people, in or near the same neighbourhood. (4) The acquisition by municipalities or County Council of vacant land for the construction of suitable dwellings.

The objection we urged when reviewing London's



HENRIK IBSEN.
Photo by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

* "Life and Labour of the People in London." By Charles Booth. Final Volume: Notes on Social Influences and Conclusion. 5s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

Religious Influences applies equally to the Notes on Social Influences. There are similar sweeping assertions and amazing generalisations. In place of the bread of fact we are offered the stone of hearsay. Odds and ends of conversations are reported as if they were stamped with the hall-mark of infallibility, while the testimony of a nurse is sufficient to destroy the character of the entire police force in a district—"they are all in with the publican and are given drink"—while insult surely is added to injury when the same papal authority declares that "when there is trouble with a prisoner it is her experience that the policeman himself has had drink." Frequently one statement contradicts another without even having the grace to wait until another page is reached. For example, at the top of page 20 we read, "The number of births follows almost inevitably from physical causes, partly the vigour of youth and partly the influence on physique, both with men and women, of bodily labour and a spare diet." Lower down on the same page we are told that, "If child mortality could be checked the birth rate would certainly be reduced." Again on page 206 Mr. Booth writes: "If they be evidences of vigour, pleasure seeking and extravagance need not be condemned, nor even some excess be dreaded"; whereas on page 210 we read, with reference to improvement in social conditions, that "the expectation of evil, the attributing of bad motives, *the ready acceptance of a low standard* constitute the first difficulty we have to meet." The italics are ours. A more serious complaint we have against Mr. Booth is the compromising attitude he adopts on matters of vital and national importance. He differentiates between brothels and houses of accommodation, advocating the abolishment of the former and the retaining of the latter, since he thinks it may be wise to accept the inevitability of prostitution in some form. The use, he considers, of these houses of accommodation should not "lead to prosecution as long as decency and order were observed." Certain it is that if this be the position of our experts on civic well-being toward vice, Regent Street will continue to present at night one of the most awful, hideous, pitiable spectacles that the stars look down upon. The same middle course is steered with reference to Sunday observance; on one page Mr. Booth says, "To keep the Sabbath holy is worth a great effort," while in the same breath he remarks, "Those who cater for amusements and the sellers of drink are busier than ever, but other shops are closed very inconveniently, and it is said that though drink is always obtainable, food too often is not." There is an excellent chapter, all too short, on Betting, and an equally excellent chapter on Clubs, but our remaining space must be devoted to the notes on Drink. Mr. Booth would (1) Close public-houses at 11 p.m. (2) Improve the character of the places where alcohol is sold. (3) Create an authority, say a committee of the London County Council, with a permanent paid secretary, to carry out a policy with reference to licensing as laid down by the London County Council, with a right of appeal to a permanent committee appointed jointly by the Local Government Board and the Home Office. In view of this proposal we are surprised to find Mr. Booth referring to "the excited demands for legislative interferences." When a poor borough, such as Stepney, possesses 812 public-houses, one to every 394 inhabitants, we should imagine the most "excited demands for legislative interferences" were justifiable. The people, alcoholised and pauperised, need saving from themselves, and it is the duty of the State to be their rescuers; nor, when we remember Lord Peel's Minority Report, can we accept Mr. Booth's conclusions as to "the marked failure of temperance propaganda." If we are not mistaken, this final volume has been hastily prepared. There is a lack of proportion in the notes, and one gets an impression of hurried work. We wish Mr. Booth would have kept us waiting, and given a delayed but fuller book, containing fewer assumptions and more facts.

R. MUDIE-SMITH.

IBSEN IN HIS STUDY.

"Very few books are to be seen anywhere, and what there are seemed to be more ornamental than useful. His working table is in the recess of a window looking out on a crowded street, and is not much larger than the window-sill. Ibsen does not need a large table on which to do his work. Nearly all he writes is the result of personal reflection on events in his own experience, and few ideas come to him suggested by the thoughts of others."—Personal Impressions by W. H. Schofield.

Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.

NEW CONCEPTIONS IN SCIENCE.*

In this fascinating book the author gives us an extremely able and lucid popular exposition of the latest work that is being done in the various departments of physical and biological science. "The World beyond our Senses," "What the World is made of," The Search for Primal Matter," "Bordering the Mysteries of Life and Mind," "The Newest Ideas as to what is Life," "How the Brain Thinks"—such are the titles of some of these most informing and suggestive chapters, each of which contains a more or less detailed account of the investigations of the modern masters of science, the trend and implications of their discoveries. Other chapters deal with more practical topics, as, *e.g.*, Wireless Telegraphy and Synthetic Chemistry. The whole is prefaced by a "Foreword" on the "Relation of Science and Progress," and rounded off with a demonstration of "America's Inferior Position in the Scientific World." To explain the latter situation the author hints at, but does not sufficiently emphasise, the probable cause. In a country where monetary considerations seem for the present to be the dominant factor, it is obviously impossible for a university to keep, *e.g.*, its gifted assistant professor in the physical department with a salary of 2,500 dollars, when some large company offers him 5,000 dollars to become its chief electrician. With seven exceptions the heads of departments in the University of Chicago only receive the latter sum, which is small compared with the scale of salaries in other spheres of American activity; the others receive but a half as much again.

Throughout Mr. Snyder writes with moderation and dignity, although an occasional lapse excites comment. Upon a technical subject it is sufficient to say that there is more in

* "New Conceptions in Science." By Carl Snyder. (Harper and Brothers.)

prenatal influence than the "prattle" he conceives it to be. Further, it is surely time that in common fairness men should desist from ascribing the lack of the motive of scientific enquiry in the Early and Middle Ages wholly to the deliberate exercise of priestly authority in its repression. True, Mr. Snyder finds a subsidiary cause in the paucity of mediæval adherents of science. But the fundamental cause seems to be that the spirit of the naturalist did not exist among the Romans, any more than it did among the Hebrew people. Most surprising of all, in a passage whose motive can be guessed from the illustration, the author follows the late Prof. Clifford in referring to the sun as having stood still on Gideon, leaving himself open to the reply made to the initial blunder by the authors of "The Unseen Universe" that the situation must have been, to say the least of it, extremely awkward for that hero. Apart from these minor blemishes this is a work deserving to be perused by every intelligent man. J. Y. Simpson.

THE "CAMBRIDGE" HISTORY OF AMERICA.*

A massive book of 800 or 900 closely printed pages may contain a great deal of well-written history, yet it is not large enough for all that has been attempted here. The seventh volume—the second that has been issued—of the great work projected by the late Lord Acton is avowedly a history of the United States. But it deals not only with the United States, properly so called, but also with the preceding colonial period, from 1607 to the War of Independence, and with the Canadian colonies, until Canada came under British rule, as well. For anything like exhaustive treatment of all this history, not one volume but all the twelve of which the series is to consist, would not be overmuch. Even on the much less extensive scale upon which the general scheme is based, the present subject has less than its share. Not all the volumes are likely to be so congested as this. The one already issued, on "The Renaissance," is not, although it is full enough. A volume is to be devoted to "The French Revolution," another to "Napoleon." On a similar scale the present subject was fairly entitled to two. As it is, when reading the book, there is a constant sense of limitation. So compacted is it that it seems scarcely more than a naming of topics or a summary of events: not a history but an epitome of history. Here truly are "infinite riches in a little room," but because the room is too little, the riches cannot be used to best advantage.

Pains have not been spared to make the work excellent. It has had the advantage—if a multiplicity of editors be an advantage—of three such distinguished editors as Dr. A. W. Ward, Dr. G. W. Prothero, and Mr. Stanley Leathes. Its several sections have been written by scholars of repute, British and American. Probably the excessive condensation of which we complain has actually increased the labours of the writers. More expansive treatment would have been easier. Against condensation, indeed, there is seldom any occasion to protest. The common tendency is to be too diffuse. To be able to say what has to be said clearly, in a few words, is a literary art both rare and valuable. But even condensation may be carried too far. Mr. John A. Doyle tells the story of the first hundred years of English colonisation as well as it can be told in fifty-two pages, but his history of "The English in America," published fifteen or twenty years ago, extended to three volumes; while Mr. Philip A. Bruce, in a work almost as large as the present volume, dealt only with "The Economic History of Virginia" during a hundred years, yet was not diffuse. Even Mr. Nicolay could not write the history of the Civil War in the three chapters assigned to him. Professor Barrett Wendell devotes less than thirty pages to a consideration of "The American Intellect"—in other words, of American literature, art, and science in its relation to the American character. The result is an able critical essay, for the proper understanding of which the reader must be already pretty well acquainted with the very facts of history which he might reasonably come here to seek.

As an epitome, or an introduction to American history, rather than history itself, unquestionably the book is excellent. When, some six months ago, the first volume of the series was issued, the modest claim was made for it that it was "something more than a useful compilation or than a standard work of reference." The present volume is much more than either of these things. Some at least of its sections are, as historical sketches, in every respect admirable. Nothing better of this kind could be desired than Mr. Nicolay's graphic story of the Civil War, or Mr. Bradley's account of the Conquest of Canada. Doubtless, in the case of many of its readers, the book itself will provide all they want to know on the subject. The information embodies

*"The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. VII.: The United States. 16s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE LATE MR. FREDERICK V. HEGEL,
Publisher and friend of Ibsen, Björnsen, Lie, Kielland, Georg Brandes, and others.

A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF FRU MAGDALENE THORESEN.

Fru Thoresen, the step-mother of Ibsen's wife, was a delightful writer, possessed of a charming personality. Ibsen held her in the deepest regard, and was greatly affected by her death which occurred a few months ago.

HENRIK IBSEN.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

the results of late research, and may be trusted. To students, also, the work will be serviceable as a preparation for further studies. For such as these, the series of carefully compiled bibliographies, covering eighty pages, the chronological table extending from 1692 to 1902, and the full index add materially to its value. WALTER LEWIN.

THE ODYSSEY.*

To translate "The Odyssey" is a hard, perhaps an impossible task. The vocabulary of the so-called Homeric poems is of extreme richness, and had been moulded by generations of unknown bards into complete harmony with the movement of hexameter verse, so that metre and language combine to form a perfect instrument for epic narrative. How perfect that instrument was, a very simple test will show. Let anyone attempt to translate the first line of The Iliad—

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος.

There are only five words, but they are enough. Add a sixth, the majestic οὐλομένην, which begins the second line, and translation becomes impossible. Even Pope can only produce—

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing,"

while Virgil and Milton, though they have both imitated Homer's opening, both appear puny in comparison. But whatever difficulties The Iliad offers, The Odyssey presents fourfold. The Iliad is heroic: it deals with high debates of gods, with mighty warriors and deadly combats. The translator may be magnificent, even bombastic, and his task is therefore comparatively easy. But The Odyssey is different. It is a novel, a tale of adventure, epic, indeed, and dignified by the presence of gods and demigods and heroes, but still a tale, so that Mr. S. Butler thought that a translation of it ought to be into the modern vernacular. So rendered, however, it becomes commonplace, and at times comic. Athena and Calypso and Circe cannot talk the English of ordinary conversation and remain divine. The vernacular will not do, but neither will the heroic. When Nausicaa says, in Mr. Butler's version, "Papa, dear, could you manage to let me have a good big waggon? I want to take all our dirty clothes to the river and wash them," the charm which surrounds her in the original disappears. But when Alexander Pope, Esq., renders the same words—

"Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?"

he transports us from the simplicity of Phæacian halls to the stucco of his villa at Twickenham. In The Iliad matters are simple, because there heroic figures act heroically; but when it comes to chatting with a goddess, having dinner with Helen, or describing the ablutions of Odysseus, the difficulty begins. Milton can deal with Satan; but when Raphael dines in Paradise and "transubstantiates" his viands "with keen despatch Of real hunger and concoctive heat," even Milton fails, and he certainly could not have translated The Odyssey. He had the poetic skill and imagination required, but he lacked the charm of childlike simplicity which is equally essential. If the author of "Alice in Wonderland" had also been an epic poet, he might have performed the task.

Of Mr. Mackail's version, it may be said at once that it shows taste, accuracy, and scholarship, but it is hard to say more, for the translator has made his difficult task hopeless by attempting to tell the tale of Odysseus in the quatrains which Fitzgerald has rendered famous. For just as these quatrains are well adapted for the epigrammatic expression of a single idea, the repetition of the rhyme of the first two lines at the end of the fourth giving a sense of compactness and completeness, so they seem ill-adapted for continuous narrative. The steady recurrence of triple rhymes, such as "fit, sit, it," "yet, get, set," "shame, name, frame," becomes quickly irritating, while the difficulty of combining them with a close translation perpetually forces the translator into that pure prose into which the ten-syllabled iambic so easily passes. Thus (p. 140), "she gave him a bronze axe with double blade" may be verse or not, while (p. 141)

"Calypso brought him cloth for sails to be,
Those in like manner deftly fashioned he,"

is verse, but not poetry. Or again, take this (p. 116), "So he went in to tell Penelope; and as he came across the doorway-sill, Penelope espied him there, and said: 'O herald, wherefore are you sent to me?'" This is prose pure, and though charmed into a quatrain by placing the words "he came" in inverted order after "doorway-sill," it still remains pure prose. And what lover of quatrains can tolerate the following succession of final lines?—

Page 99 and 100,

"Across the sea wherein the fishes go."

Page 102,

"Across the sea
Wherein the fishes travel to and fro."

Page 104,

"Across the fish-abounding sea to go."

Page 107,

"Sick-hearted through the fish-abounding deep."

If anything would demonstrate their unfitness for epic narrative, surely these endings do so; but if they fail, this is the conclusion of Book V.—

"Even so Odysseus in the leaves lay hid;
And on his weary eyes Athena bid
Slumber descend to ease him speedily
Of toil and anguish, *closing either lid.*"

The last three words, with their suggestion that the crafty Odysseus usually slept "with one eye open" may stand as a warning to all who think of writing a volume of quatrains.

*"The Odyssey." Translated into English Verse. Books I.-VIII. By J. W. Mackail. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

That much of Mr. Mackail's work is good there can be no doubt. Occasionally he is very good (as, for instance, in the description of the palace of Alcinous, Book VII.), and forces his recalcitrant metre into obedience with real mastery; but the general impression which he leaves is that the almost hopeless task he has attempted is, under the conditions he has chosen, entirely beyond achievement. T. E. PAGE.

NELSON AND THE JACOBINS OF NAPLES.*

The history of the Neapolitan Revolution of 1799 has not received the attention in this country which it justly merits, for there are few episodes in the annals of any nation which surpass the story of the rise and fall of the Parthenopean Republic either in dramatic interest or in picturesqueness of detail. The revolution of 1799 was in no sense a popular rising; it was rather a revolt of the educated classes, of the liberal aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, against the corrupt and debasing rule of the Bourbon dynasty. The lazzaroni, or proletariat, of Naples were fanatically devoted to the monarchy and the church. The Republican régime was obnoxious to them on account of its constant interference with their slothful and superstitious modes of life, and the openly avowed agnosticism of the leading Jacobins ran counter to the strong Catholicism of the mass of the population. The patriots of 1799 were high-minded idealists, but they were unfortunately totally devoid of all qualities of practical statesmanship. Far in advance of their time, they endeavoured to force reforms on an unwilling people with a want of tact and wisdom, which can only be explained by supposing that they were so blinded by enthusiasm, as to have completely lost their sense of proportion. The Parthenopean Republic was in fact a stucco palace, an erection of laths and plaster, which rested on no solid foundation of popular consent. This fragile fabric was for a time propped up by French bayonets, but when their support was removed, it collapsed into ruin with an appalling suddenness. The reconquest of the city for the king by the army of the Holy Faith under Cardinal Ruffo was followed by a White Terror, during which the streets ran red with the blood of the massacred patriots, and women and children fell victims to the insensate fury of the loyal lazzaroni.

The great importance of these events to Englishmen lies in the prominent part played therein by Nelson and the British fleet. No other incident in the career of our great sea-hero has raised such a storm of controversy as that which has raged round Nelson's dealings with the Neapolitan Jacobins in June, 1799. After the army of the Holy Faith had occupied Naples, two forts garrisoned by the Republicans continued to hold out in the vain hope that they might be rescued by a French fleet. On the 19th of June an armistice was granted to them, and eventually a capitulation was signed by Ruffo, by the commanders of the Russian and Turkish troops, and by Captain Foote, a British naval officer who was operating in the Bay of Naples with a small Anglo-Sicilian flotilla, in virtue of which the garrisons of these forts were to be allowed to proceed to Toulon under a safe conduct. It is now no longer disputed that Ruffo was acting *ultra vires* in entering into this treaty. Before it could be put into effect, Nelson with a powerful squadron arrived in the Bay and intimated to Ruffo and the Republicans that the treaty was void, and that the garrisons must surrender unconditionally. A deadlock ensued, but finally, as the result of protracted and heated negotiations, some sort of a compromise appears to have been arrived at, under which the Republicans were allowed to embark on the transports which had been prepared for their conveyance to Toulon; Nelson at the same time giving an undertaking not to interfere with the armistice which had preceded the capitulation. This was on the 26th of June. On the 28th Nelson received despatches from the king of Naples, who was then at Palermo, who led him to seize the transports and to detain the Republicans to await the pleasure of the king.

HENRIK IBSEN.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

In connection with this affair charges have been made against Nelson which, if substantiated, would go far towards justifying the burning words in which Southey has denounced his conduct on this occasion. He is accused not only of having illegally annulled the treaty entered into by Ruffo, but also of having enticed the Republicans out of their forts for the purpose of betraying them to the Bourbon police. Lastly he is also charged with having ordered the execution of the Jacobin admiral, Francesco Caracciolo, in order to satisfy a personal feeling of spite and jealousy.

It is now a hundred years since this controversy was commenced by Foote in a pamphlet, in which he sought to justify his action in signing a treaty, which Nelson had denounced as "infamous." Foote did not, however, limit himself to the vindication of his own conduct, but proceeded to attack Nelson by giving currency to the accusations which had been formulated against him by Italian historians of the patriotic school. There is, it is true, a certain amount of circumstantial evidence which seems to point to foul play, but there is nothing to show that Nelson was a party to it. He repeatedly and emphatically denied these charges during his lifetime, and Nelson, with all his faults, was never a liar. He consistently asserted that the surrender of the garrisons was unconditional, and that they came out with full knowledge of the fact that their destiny was in the hands of the king.

This controversy has been a battle waged in the dark; for though the opposing forces have cut and slashed at one another with a fury only to be found among contending pamphleteers, the evidence is as yet incomplete. A strange fatality has attended the documents which would serve to elucidate this vexed question. For instance, during the whole of this time Lady Hamilton was carrying on a brisk correspondence with the queen of Naples. As is well known, she filled the position of intermediary between Nelson and

* "Naples in 1799." By Constance Giglioli. 21s. (Murray.)

the Neapolitan Court, and must have been well acquainted with all that took place at this particular time, yet not a single one of her letters has been discovered. On the 25th of June Sir William Hamilton, writing to General Acton, the prime minister of the king of Naples, says: "As Lord Nelson is now telling Lady Hamilton what he wishes to say to the queen, you will probably know from the queen more than I do of Lord Nelson's intentions." If this letter could only be discovered, we should at once be in possession of the key to the mystery. Unfortunately the private papers of Queen Caroline have disappeared, and repeated and diligent efforts to discover their whereabouts have all resulted in failure. According to one theory they are still in existence, but have been sequestrated in obedience to the orders of the late King Humbert, who was chivalrously indignant at the use which was being made of them in the Neapolitan gutter press for the purpose of reviling the Bourbon dynasty. There is also a tradition still current among the Neapolitan aristocracy, to the effect that just before her death in 1814 the queen confided all her private papers to the custody of Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, remarking that they were to be used to rebut the attacks which she was certain would be made on her character after her death. These papers are said to have perished in a fire at the Neapolitan Embassy at Constantinople.

A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF HENRIK IBSEN.

"A thick-set man, rather under medium height, wearing a silk hat and frock coat, his gloves in one hand, a closely wrapped umbrella in the other, approached slowly with short, gingerly steps."—Personal Impressions by W. H. Schofield.

Mrs. Giglioli does not contribute anything fresh to the discussion of this question, but her book contains what is on the whole a fairly accurate precis of the controversy as it stands at present.

A most important fact has been overlooked by her in detailing the negotiations, which took place between Nelson and Ruffo, namely, that it was Ruffo who sent in to the Jacobins Nelson's intimation that he refused to recognise the treaty as binding, and not Nelson himself. A blunder which it is more difficult to forgive is the slip made by the authoress when she assigns an interview, which took place between Nelson and Ruffo on board the *Foudroyant* on the 25th of June, to the preceding day. Mrs. Giglioli also follows Mr. Badham's "Nelson at Naples" in conjecturing that a certain letter of Sir William Hamilton's, dated the 27th of June, was partly written on the 26th. This ingenious hypothesis is based on a garbled translation of this letter into Italian, which is contained in a work purporting to be a history of the Bourbon Kings of Naples, and emanating from the pen of that prince of romancers, the elder Dumas. The present writer has had the good fortune to gain access to the original MS., which furnishes the solution of this problem. The letter was undoubtedly written at one sitting, and the confusion has been entirely caused by an ill-advised correction of the translator's. The words "Now all is calm," in Dumas' version, should read "Now all was calm." Dumas was apparently unable to reconcile himself to the thought that a distinguished diplomatist like Sir William Hamilton could be guilty of such a lapse as to use the adverb "now" in juxtaposition to the past tense. He therefore solemnly proceeded to alter the tenses throughout the letter, thus giving it the appearance of having been writen contemporaneously with the events which it describes. Dumas also printed a number of other letters from Nelson and Sir William Hamilton, but in many cases he suppressed no inconsiderable portion of their contents. These letters will shortly be published, collated from the original MSS.

It is a little difficult to follow the conclusions arrived at by Mrs. Giglioli. She appears to exonerate Nelson, regarding him as the tool or the victim of the two Hamiltons, on whom she casts the whole of the blame. It is therefore somewhat surprising to find her citing with approval the dictum of an obscure Italian historian to the effect that Nelson acted at this time like a pirate. Her summing up of the evidence is, to say the least of it, rather confused and hesitating; she seems anxious to direct an acquittal, but swings from one side to another, and finally leaves the reader in a state of great uncertainty as to her real views on the question. The problem is a very difficult one, and its solution requires careful and minute investigation of the details of the voluminous evidence bearing on the point. As it rests at present, it is important to bear in mind that there is no reliable evidence on which Nelson could be found guilty, even though the case be put as strongly against him as possible. His anti-Jacobin fury no doubt led him to take up a position with respect to the rebels which was needlessly vehement; but there is no ground on which it becomes necessary to reject the version of these transactions put forward both by him and by Sir William Hamilton. In order to prevent Ruffo and the rebels from resorting to extremities, and in order to secure the speedy pacification of the city, Nelson reluctantly consented to allow the armistice of the 19th of June to continue in force, the further question of the execution of the capitulation being reserved for decision pending the arrival of instructions from Palermo. Nelson took every precaution to make the rebels aware of his attitude towards the treaty, and there is nothing which proves that he at any time receded from the position which he took on learning the exact purport of its terms. This compromise was carried out in a hurried and slipshod manner by Ruffo. If there was any treachery; or if the rebels were misled as to the significance of what was taking place, then the blame must fall on Ruffo and not on Nelson. The charge relating to the execution of Caracciolo is almost beneath notice. Caracciolo was dealt with as a deserter, and the same fate would probably be meted out to him at the present day. He was tried by his own fellow countrymen, and convicted on evidence which left no doubt as to his guilt. Nelson, on the other hand, has been accused and condemned on testimony which will not bear investigation, and a great and honourable name has been besmirched on the authority of current rumour and partisan invective.

H. C. GUTTERIDGE.

HENRIK IBSEN.
Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.

SHAKESPEARE IT IS!*

Is it Shakespeare? says a doubting graduate (of Cambridge, thank heaven, not Oxford), to which let us answer without the slightest hesitation, "Shakespeare it is!" We have examined the arguments so-called of the Shakespearephobes, but we utterly decline to do them the compliment of recognising that they have a *prima-facie* case by abandoning ourselves to argue with them. Their appeal is to the large class who have not previously read Shakespeare or Bacon, who have not studied the intimate knowledge of stagecraft and evidence of stage-sense which Shakespeare evinces, who have not weighed the testimony of Shakespeare's contemporaries from Ben Jonson downwards, who have not realised the psychological absurdity of asserting that the author of the "Essays" wrote "The Merchant of Venice." What sort of evidence should we require to convince us that Sir Walter Scott wrote "Mansfield Park," that George Borrow wrote the "Portuguese Sonnets," or that Edward FitzGerald was the author of "Is he Popenjoy?" There are, however, people so hungry for mystification that if we described how Borrow occasionally played with his own name, and insisted upon his intimate knowledge of Portugal, as shown in the "Bible in Spain," they would simply leap at any new sonnet theory we propounded to them as trout leap at a May fly. But the Baconian method of argument is even more parabolic than this. We should prefer to illustrate it thus. Educated at Eton (or, if not, a few miles off), Edward FitzGerald could hardly have failed to be of the select Etonian club or coterie known as "Pop," from the name of which he clearly derived the first idea of his famous novel. A few bold strokes like this and the rest is comparatively easy. Everything is polite, ingenious and plausible in the extreme if we will only consent to overlook one or two grossly palpable assumptions. The Bacon theory is eventually, however, a compliment to Shakespeare of the kind that heresy pays to true religion. And in a race such as the Anglo-Saxon, where every kind of sect and schism is bound to thrive and to fructify in a rank luxuriance, there can be little doubt that it is at present merely in its infancy. As supplanting a stolid indifference to a period which is the greatest in our literature, a creed which will necessitate the prying into every nook and cranny of the age of Shakespeare can only be described as a blind stumble in the right direction. As for the individual "Baconian," he will generally be found amiable and perfectly harmless. You may do anything but argue with him.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "Is it Shakespeare?" The great question of Elizabethan Literature. Answered. By a Cambridge Graduate. 12s. net. (Murray.)

BYRON: THE DON JUAN VOLUME.*

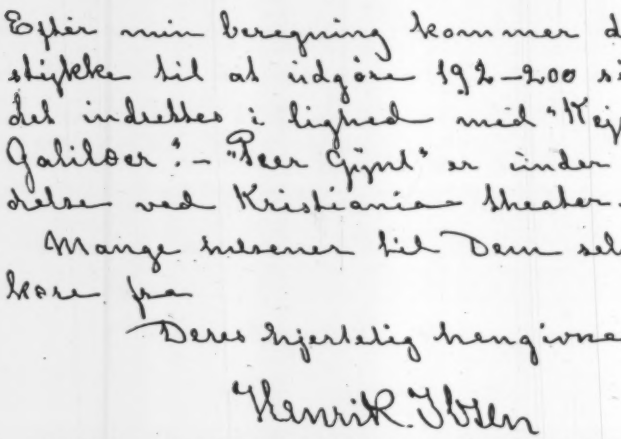
The Don Juan volume of Mr. Murray's standard edition of Byron is editorially fully equal to any of its predecessors, leaving nothing to be desired whether as regards accuracy of text, pertinence of literary illustration, or sanity of critical judgment. Few will now dispute the claim of "Don Juan" to the highest place among Byron's writings, and to a place in literature among those rare books which, being primarily produced "for an age," have nevertheless proved to be "for all time." In mirroring the society of his day Byron has given its ephemeral frivolity a poetical value which insures its preservation equally with the far higher and nobler work of his great contemporaries. The influence of his work on the times to come will be in comparison small, it will give birth to no great thoughts and mould no striking characters; but as regards mere durability, it is on a par with the finest work of Wordsworth or Shelley.

This is so remarkable an achievement that it can hardly be surprising if its recognition in our time has in some measure contributed to depress Byron's character as a poet, while exalting his reputation as a wit and satirist. It must be admitted that the latter part was the more congenial to

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Poetry. Vol. vi. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 6s. (John Murray.)

HENRIK IBSEN AT A WINDOW OF THE READING-ROOM, GRAND HOTEL, CHRISTIANIA.

"The Grand Hotel is Dr. Ibsen's favourite haunt, and here he is to be seen every evening taking refreshment, reading the newspapers, and watching the great tide of human life as it flows by. There is a certain corner of the café which is almost sacred to him, and he has also his selected place in the reading-room of the hotel, where, at one of the marble-topped tables by the side of a window, he sits sipping his favourite beverage, and perusing the contents of the *Aftenspost*, the *Verdens Gang*, and other journals of the day."—"Dr. Ibsen at Christiania," by E. J. Goodman.



FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY HENRIK IBSEN TO HIS PUBLISHER, MR. F. V. HEGEL, FROM DRESDEN, ON OCTOBER 8TH, 1874.

him, and that he appears most thoroughly at home in "Don Juan," and his minor writings of the same class. Upon scrutinising "Don Juan" itself, however, we find its effectiveness in proportion to the approach it makes to high poetry. The finest part, without question, is the episode of Haidee, where there is least of satire and most of passion and sentiment. After this come the sufferings of the shipwrecked sailors, the adventure in the harem, with tragedy in the background, the storming of Ismail, and the description of the English mansion, where Byron's ancestral home is certainly in his mind, if not actually upon his canvas. The humourist cannot dispense with the poet. When in the later cantos the poetical element retires or subsides, the poem, notwithstanding the continual play of wit, becomes comparatively flat, and it needs the access of family pride and affectionate reminiscence to revive it. Byron's contemporaries did not err in regarding him as above all things a poet.

The fourteen stanzas of a seventeenth canto, now published for the first time, are very poor, and only interesting as proving that "Don Juan" was to have been continued. We do not know whether it has been remarked that stanza ix. of canto xii. appears to be imitated from a passage in Keats' "Isabella." The little read and much slighted Keats was good to steal from, as Campbell thought when he fashioned his own "Rainbow" out of a few lines in "Lamia."

We are not informed respecting the date of the portrait of Byron by James Holmes, prefixed as a frontispiece to the volume; but since Holmes's Academy picture has already been engraved in vol. i. we may identify it with the drawing made in 1815. This portrait Byron, in 1823, told the painter he preferred "to any that has been done of me by any artist whatever." It has indeed every internal testimony of being as lifelike as it is lively and vigorous. There is also a beautiful reproduction of Pickersgill's portrait of Wordsworth.

Although the publication of Byron's poetry may be deemed substantially complete, enough matter, we are told, remains for an additional volume, including a comprehensive bibliography, which in Mr. Coleridge's diligent hands cannot fail to be a literary monument of great value.

RICHARD GARNETT.

MORE LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN.*

Those who have read (and what naturalist has not?) the Life of Charles Darwin published by his son in 1887, must have been deeply impressed by the interest and suggestiveness of the letters which are therein contained. It was known that these constituted only a small part of the immense correspondence which he carried on with men of all sorts and conditions, and there has been a widely felt desire that a larger number of these documents should be given to the public. The editors of these volumes have laid all those interested in natural science under a deep obligation by satisfying this desire and giving us a second instalment of Darwin's letters.

The pleasure and profit of reading these letters is enhanced by the method of classification, according to subjects, which is adopted; all those in each group being arranged in chronological order. The editors have also added short foot-notes, which set forth tersely the facts which the reader wants to know about each of Darwin's correspondents, and explanatory of the various subjects alluded to in the letters. To gather and edit these details must have been a task involving no small labour. Another merit of the book is its full and comprehensive index.

The letters have a considerable objective value. It was Darwin's endeavour to gather from the best authorities, at first hand, all the knowledge which could be obtained concerning the many subjects upon which he wrote, and to ascertain that the data upon which he founded his generalisations were absolutely trustworthy. To this end he applied to those upon whose knowledge and judgment he could rely for specific answers to specific queries. As may be imagined, the amount of varied information contained in the letters is simply amazing.

But their subjective interest is far deeper than this. They give us an insight into the mind and character of the writer which helps us to understand his life and work. We have here before us the constructive mind patiently accumulating the great store of facts from which the unifying theories were to be deduced. He is ever on the watch for new material bearing on the great questions that he is endeavouring to answer, and his mind is alert to receive suggestions and information from all quarters. We can see something of the prodigious labour by which the theories, with which his name is imperishably associated, were built up. They were no hastily conceived or superficially speculative hypotheses; each stage in their construction was tested and viewed from many standpoints before the next course was raised upon it. It was a slow process this gathering of facts, and we can see as the work progresses with what care and critical skill their correlations and implications were determined before they were used in the construction.

Darwin's letters were not written for effect, or with a view to publication. They have the spontaneity of the earnest mind whose single aim is the discovery of the truth. There is little of the spirit of egoism except that they show that he believed he had a message for his age, and that he entertained that confidence in the truth of his theories which every honest worker must feel when he is sure that his conclusions are the logical outcome of the facts at his command.

The letters may be divided into two categories. Some were written to comparative strangers. These are carefully composed, more or less formal, but always clear. The majority were written to intimate friends, and these are written in an easy colloquial, graphic style, full of bright humour, and showing a sympathetic appreciation of all really honest work. He submits his tentative conclusions to their criticism, and is never so wedded to preconceived ideas as to make him unwilling to accept and consider their judgments. He boldly faces whatever difficulties arise in the development of his generalisations, and re-examines any points which his correspondents suggest as doubtful. Thus, in writing to Hooker on the subject of the range and frequency of the varying species of large genera of plants as made out by the collation of local Floras, he says: "When I have done this I must come to some definite conclusion whether or no entirely to give up the ghost. I shall then show how my theory points, how the facts stand; then state the reason of your grievous assault and yield entirely or defend the cause as far as I can honestly. Adios, you terrible worrier of poor theorists."

It was Darwin's lot, as it has ever been that of reformers, to be misunderstood even by those who should have been able to grasp the principle of his theory. This was especially the case in the matter of Natural Selection. To those who animadverted upon his views without comprehending them he frequently refers in the "Evolution" series of letters, usually with equanimity, sometimes (as in his mention of Sedg-

* "More Letters of Charles Darwin." Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. 2 volumes. 32s. net. (John Murray.)

DR. IBSEN IN HIS STUDY.

From the Painting by Professor Frithjof Smith.

"Ibsen is not a tall man, but he nevertheless gives an impression of importance. The torso is unusually powerfully built, and his head strikingly set on the shoulders. His face is completely framed in grey hair and beard. The firmly-set mouth, steady gaze through his spectacles, and bushy eyebrows, give the whole face a look of having just come to some determination, and above the other features rises so powerful a forehead that we are tempted to compare it to the idealised head of the Jupiter."—Jaeger's "Henrik Ibsen."

THE HENRIK IBSEN MONUMENT AT SKIEN.
Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.

wick) with a touch of humour. When, however, he suspects any critic of wilful misstatement, dishonesty, or mere prejudice, he can speak very plainly, especially in reference to one or two men of great name whom he regarded as more or less shams. In one letter he says of a hostile critic who had

THE BRONZE STATUE OF HENRIK IBSEN,
Erected outside the new National Theatre at Christiania in September, 1899.
Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.

grossly misrepresented his theory, and had endeavoured to treat it with ridicule: "He admits to a certain extent Natural Selection, yet I am sure he does not understand me. It is strange that very few do, and I am become quite convinced that I must be an extremely bad explainer." In this case, however, the fault was not on the side of Darwin, but simply due to the fact that the critic was blinded by his prejudice on account of the supposed antagonism between Darwin's theory and Revelation, and that he had not had the patience to read the book through.

The forty-four years which have elapsed since the first publication of the "Origin of Species" have witnessed a remarkable change in the public estimate of the evolution theory. The new generation which has arisen can scarcely realise the profound convulsion with which that book was greeted. We of the older generation remember the fierce onslaughts, not only of those who believed it to be menacing to the foundations of religion, but also of the older school of naturalists with whom the fixity of species was a fetish. The echoes of this warfare are to be found in the letters of that period, and Darwin was chiefly vexed because those who reviled and travestied his theory did not take pains either to understand it, or to examine the data upon which it was founded. But the judgment of the half-century has justified the theorist, while his critics and their criticism are fast sinking into oblivion.

We gather from the preface that there are yet other letters unpublished. It is to be hoped that the success of these volumes may encourage the editors to give us at no very distant date yet another series. ALEX. MACALISTER.

Novel Notes.

ELIZABETH'S CHILDREN. 6s. (John Lane.)

These children of Elizabeth have no connection with any April and June baby in a German garden, nor with any Elizabeth we have met before. They may, however, by deduction, be found to be nearly related to "Helen's Babies" of fadeless memory, in spite of the fact that these children of Elizabeth's are French on one side, and American not at all. Renaud, Armand, and André come unexpectedly with their *bonne* to stay with Mr. Hugh Latimer, a bachelor friend of their mother, and they do it with great effect. The volume, which would have borne a little condensation, is amusing when read in instalments; and a love affair, cleverly brought to a happy issue by the boys, gives a second interest to a fairly vivacious chronicle. For our part, however, we are convinced that Hugh, the chronicler, was really Hughina.

BEGGAR'S MANOR. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If the best books are also the best-selling books, "Beggar's Manor" will be among the most successful novels of the season. Mr. Murray Gilchrist's work has always a quiet distinction of style, a delicacy of finish, and imaginative insight in point of construction and characterisation that gives it unquestioned place as literature, apart from its merits as fiction. "Beggar's Manor" has all the charm and exquisite artistry of his other novels, but it has more of dramatic movement, more of virility, and a subtler play of human passions than we can, at the moment, recall in any of Mr. Gilchrist's former works. The lovely, conquering human animal, Emma Lovelein, is portrayed with a convincing and masterly realism, and though no other character in the book is quite so original or so wonderfully well done, every one of them is a clearly drawn and satisfying personality. Both as a story, and as literature, "Beggar's Manor" is a book of powerful and exceptional interest.

THE KING OF FOLLY ISLAND. By Sarah Orne Jewett. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Miss Jewett writes with delicate humour and pathos and a quiet charm of manner that is nowhere else to be met with outside the pages of Miss Mary E. Wilkins. Yet the similarity between the two writers is less a similarity of style than of subject: they both deal with the curious old-world lives and customs of New England, and it is therefore inevitable that there should be occasional family resemblances between their characters, and it is because each faithfully reproduces the types that are equally familiar to both that one traces

similarities between them that naturally result not from one being influenced by the other, but from both writing under the same inspiration. "The King of Folly Island" and the other seven stories in this book are made of such slight episodes that to reduce them to a bald outline would ruin them, yet they are told with such exquisite art as makes them more affecting and more effective than any rush and strength of plot could do. It is one of the few volumes that are worth reading and keeping to read again.

SIR ANTHONY AND THE EWE LAMB. By the Author of "Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man." 3s. 6d. (Harper.)

The success of certain clever but flippant and irresponsible books has produced a crop of novels whose only claim to notice is their irresponsible flippancy. It is a feature of this school that when a girl is represented as talking or behaving in a more than usually idiotic way, she is described as "winsome" or "playful"; similarly a man is "witty" or "smart" when he is, according to ordinary standards, specially vulgar or inept. The "Ewe Lamb" is an irresponsible idiot of eighteen, whose senseless behaviour merited a severe course of bread and butter; instead of which she is finally allowed to become engaged to the only man in the book whose conduct—apart from this—was normal and reasonable. By way of showing her "winsomeness," the heroine speaks of one of her admirers as "looking like blowing up for a proposal." Those who like page after page of slangy dialogue cannot do better than read "Sir Anthony and the Ewe Lamb."

PIGS IN CLOVER. By Frank Danby. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The two persons in "Pigs in Clover" with whom one always remains in complete sympathy are the rugged, great-hearted millionaire, Karl Althaus, and the sad, sweet little Englishwoman Joan, separated from the Dutch husband she does not love. The soulless, effeminate, nearly all-conquering Louis Althaus, Karl's adopted brother, is one of the most graceless and contemptible scoundrels that ever stained the pages of a novel; he is drawn vividly and with a merciless insight—so, too, is the unhappy Aline Hayward, though towards the close, when she is Louis' wife, and when Karl, who has loved Joan from the first, persuades her to marry him, having learnt how she has been betrayed and deserted by the brother he now disowns, it is difficult to believe that even Aline could be so innocently impervious to friendly warnings while Louis and Joan renew their old acquaintance in Karl's absence, and that when she finds Joan weeping in Louis' arms she did not grasp the full significance of the situation, unless we accept her as a wholly irresponsible imbecile. Aline's earlier schoolgirl romance and its culmination in marriage with the drunken jockey, Jack Forrest, are admirably well done, and the hiding of that scandal and the far-reaching consequences of it all help in the shaping of a well imagined and ingeniously constructed plot. "Frank Danby's" references to the late Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy are as gratuitously insolent as her shrieking admiration of the Jameson Raiders is hysterical; but away from such debatable ground, in South Africa before the war, in London financial circles, in various phases of political and social life, the story is convincingly realistic, and is written with a skill and dramatic picturesqueness that should ensure its popularity.

CAPTAIN KETTLE, K.C.B. By Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Pearson.)

In his book the author has given us another series of adventures of his redoubtable captain, in no way different from those that have already appeared, and also in no way inferior. The little warrior has for many years occupied one of the most prominent positions in popular fiction, and this latest volume will tend to endorse that position. He is an exponent of many peculiarly British qualities in many parts of the globe, and when we reflect upon the principal feature of his character, we almost wish that Mr. Hyne had placed him in the midst of a more romantic past. What a swashbuckler he would have made. But we have reason to be amply satisfied with the record of his doings in the nineteenth century. Perhaps some day the author will reincarnate the character, clothe him in hose and doublet, and endow him with an Elizabethan pipe. As it is, he seems to have blocked up the possibility of the captain continuing his adventures further, by giving him a wooden leg. In the literary Valhalla the captain will find an interesting companion in misfortune in a certain John Silver.

The Bookman's Table.

TRUE TALES OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

As Mrs. Le Blond very truly says, there is no manlier sport than mountaineering, because it is sport purely for the sake of sport. There are no valuable prizes open to competition between its votaries; nor, on the other hand, is its essence the infliction of pain or death on any living creature. No other pastime excels it in the excitement and varied pleasure which it affords to its devotees; no other is so potent in the formation of a sound physique and a strong character. The volume under review, though professedly written for non-climbers, is sure to interest and attract the mountaineering fraternity, whether they be cragsmen or wielders of the ice-axe. Its object appears to be to detail the adventurous side of the pastime, to show the openings it gives for the display of a courageous spirit, and the practice of unselfish devotion to the safety of others. For this reason, no doubt, the dangers of the Alps loom somewhat large in these pages, but this is a feature which is by no means to be decried. The warning note is one which should ever be sounded in the hearing of the novice in mountain craft. Mrs. Le Blond does not confine this series to any one portion of the Alps. The locality of these stirring adventures extends from the Ortler to the Meije; and the same is true of the numerous and beautiful illustrations which so greatly enhance the interest of this volume.

THE LAND OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN. By R. Wyon and G. Prance. 6s. (Methuen.)

This little book, which sets out the adventures of two Englishmen in Montenegro, is of special interest at the present moment, when the eyes of all Europe are turned towards the Balkan peninsula. Montenegro occupies a unique position among the nations of this continent. It is a country where every able-bodied man pursues his daily avocations armed to the teeth, and where the rifle and the revolver are as familiar objects as the plough and the spade. These pages will come as a revelation to the English reader. Three or four days' travelling from London brings one to a land in which the conditions of daily life are infinitely more hazardous than they are in many parts of the uncivilised globe. Not only so, but the traveller will also meet there with a people who possess all the hardy virtues of a race of warriors, whose life is spent amidst a constant round of war's rude alarms. This exceedingly interesting volume shows us how little we really know about the lesser nations of Eastern Europe.

SCOTTISH PORTRAITS. Portfolio III. Edited by James L. Caw. 21s. net. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

The third portfolio of this fine publication deals with a period of Scottish history particularly interesting and rich in portraits, the period which includes the romantic struggles of "Prince Charlie" to gain a crown, and the devoted action of Flora Macdonald to save his head. Portraits of this hero and heroine both are included here—that of Prince Charles Edward being from the sculptured bust by Lemoyne, now in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery; that of the loyal lady from the painting by Allan Ramsay, now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Other portraits of wide interest are those of Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch, wife of the handsome Pretender, Monmouth, and her two sons, from Kneller's famous painting; Tobias Smollett, by Verelst; David Hume, by Allan Ramsay; Allan Ramsay, himself; the Hon. Mrs. Graham, from Gainsborough's well-known picture; James Thomson, the poet; Adam Smith; as well as men of more strictly Scottish notability. The change and progress in the art of painting itself also is a point to be marked in examining the three portfolios together, as we pass from the flatter, more Holbein-like work of the fifteenth century to the portraits by Reynolds and Kneller of the eighteenth. The complete set of five portfolios will form a valuable pictorial portrait-history of Scotland.

WORLD'S CHILDREN. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

The beautiful descriptive volumes which come to us from the brush of Mr. Mortimer Menpes are among the most interesting as well as the most obviously attractive art-books of the year; for above and beyond the artist's courageous use

of colour, his clever recognition of racial characteristics—never over-accentuated in his pages—and his skill in selecting and producing admirable and unhackneyed settings, we trace in his work the great progress and refinement of colour printing. Anyone who turns the leaves of this new volume will select favourites among the children of the many countries illustrated; but apart from the subjects, the production of each picture is a marvel of technical excellence. The soft, smooth tints would almost seem to have been laid on each page by the actual brush, and such a picture as "Meditation, Bavaria," to mention but one of many most charming examples of both subject and reproduction, would excuse a book-marker, for the constant refreshing of the eye.

CRUMBS OF PITY. By R. C. Lehmann. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

Among the numerous latter-day writers of light verse Mr. Lehmann holds, deservedly, a place in the front rank. His wit may not be biting, but it is delightfully quaint; his humour is not broad or full-blooded, but it is genial and sympathetic, and surprises now and then with glimpses of wry, elusive pathos, as if a man should laugh with a suspicious moisture in his eyes. Whether you are in the mood for the quiet satire and free and easy merriment of the six "Lives of Great Men," or for the dainty tenderness and whimsicality of the poems dealing with children and child life—wherever you turn, Mr. Lehmann's verses are marked by a many-hued fancy and a finish that make them perfect of their kind.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE. Translated out of the Original Tongues by the Commandment of King James the First. Anno 1611. Tudor Translations. (David Nutt.)

"It is to the inspiration, political or theological or both, of a Stuart King that the Authorised Version (1611) is due. But, if the seal be Jacobean, the stuff beneath is pure Tudor, and Tudor of the highest reach and the most golden style." Such was Mr. Henley's warrant for including our English Bible among his "Tudor Translations." It will appear in six volumes, of which three are already issued. The form is of course the familiar small quarto; the text that of the *princeps* of 1611. The division into verses is abandoned, and the paragraphs are printed as paragraphs. The poetry is distinguished from the prose, and the chapter headings are thrown into the margin. It is certain that many will prize this reproduction of the book, which of all others has chiefly influenced English literature and English character.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

From Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. comes a book for Londoners and those who love the city's history. In **London Roses,** by Dora Greenwell McChesney (os.), the British Museum provides the background for a pretty romance which is written on fresh lines. In the Manuscript Room the American heroine drops a pink rose from her girdle; and one of two student brothers—the more sociably inclined one—picks it up and returns it; an act which leads to a family friendship and some vivacious London sight-seeing. For the elder brother the British Museum provides something which is akin to tragedy; but in the end it is he who has the rose to keep. Miss McChesney has threaded with charm and judgment a tender idyll in and about London's ancient stones and treasures.

Another volume from the same firm is **Ardina Doran,** by Susan Christian (6s.). Miss Christian will never write anything commonplace. She looks at life from a new cross-cut, and gets a fine view; and her cleverness in recounting what she sees is undeniable. Ardina Doran, motherless daughter of a prime minister, loves a man who is bold enough to be Viceroy of India, but not bold or decisive enough in courtship. Ardina, after a spell of rural life alone on her own farm, finally marries her father's friend; the sort of man who in an earlier period would have clubbed his sweetheart over the head and carried her off for sheer love and need of her. If Miss Christian carefully guards herself from pressing the life-blood out of her work by weight of "style," she will write a really big book before long.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. are the publishers of a novel by a new writer, **The Trifler,** by Archibald Eyre (6s.), which is more than promising, for it is decidedly good in itself. The "trifler" is the hero, a bachelor with a character for being flippant, idle, selfish, careless; a character which he has taken no trouble either to earn or to deny. No problems are discussed here, but the story, which is written with a sharp insight into the ways of men and their motives, may be termed one of nonchalant chivalry, and the attractiveness of it is continuous.

Mr. Orme Agnus can write, there is no doubt whatever about that. In **Sarah Tuldon** (6s.), which Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. publish, broad laughs and spontaneous tears are drawn from a reader swiftly and without effort, from entire sympathy with, and engrossment in, the story. Sally, who has lived most of her eighteen years with a managing, scrupulously clean aunt of the peasant class, goes back to live with her own family at the aunt's death, and finds the home an offensive contrast. Sally, being a young woman of determination and spirit, will have none of this; and the cleansing of these modern Augean stables, lightened by flirtations, courtship and humour, makes a genuine entertainment. This is good work, strong, keen, and enjoyable.

The unforgettable enjoyment of Anstey's "Vice Versâ" is irresistibly recalled as we smile over **The Fairy Bed-Maker,** by George Rowe (3s. 6d.), which Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. also send us. In this new farcical comedy the goddess in the machine is Mrs. Chifney, the new bed-maker at the offices of Messrs. Blossom and Pennyfeather, a charlady whose pedigree would account for much, her mother having "come out of Fairyland right enough; but she was struck with the manly build of a Coving Garding porter, changed 'erself into a ordinary lady, an' married 'im." William Pennyfeather, on whom she begins to exercise her fairylike powers, is a prim, young, and highly respectable solicitor. The staid seriousness of commonplace persons in the face of uncommon events is carried out by Mr. Rowe with a nice calculation, and the result is a smiling book.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

Messrs. Constable and Co. send us a volume of short stories, good above the average, grouped under the title of **The Undersong,** by Herbert C. MacIlwaine (6s.). They are concerned chiefly with the less crowded parts of Australia, and with romances in which black touches white. But even when the scene is at or near home the same spirit pervades it—a spirit of largeness, less concerned with the details than with the great forces and primary elements of life. The book seems to hold large spaces in it, spaces of land and thought; it is less descriptive of life in any particular place or phase than it is wide, and indicative, and suggestive.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

We have received from Messrs. Methuen and Co. **The Love that Overcame,** by Adeline Sergeant (6s.), a real, old-fashioned love story of the kind which is never stale. A clever girl's faith and a clever man's loyalty are the main features of it; there are no ultra-sensational adventures here, but a sufficiency of incident, wrong-doing, growth in good ways, heroism and love, all blended brightly, with never a boring page, compose a sympathetic and engrossing story of the style Miss Sergeant, whose charm partly lies in her own realisation of her own strong points, knows so well how to tell.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Among Mr. Heinemann's books of the month **The Luck of Barerakes,** by Caroline Marriage (6s.), is one of somewhat notable excellence. It is a strong, rough tale of the Dale country; a tale of crude civilisation yet some few rigid laws, of sin and brutality yet some fineness of nature; while through all runs a steady relentlessness, a grim bearing out of the rules of cause and effect, which reminds us of the underlying force of Thomas Hardy's work. It is a gripping story, marked by a virility which seems to belie the name on the title-page.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are the English publishers of Mr. Joseph Altsheler's historical novel **Before the Dawn** (6s.), which tells of the American war between North and South in the days before and after the fall of Richmond. The success of a story may be admitted when its writer has succeeded in throwing a glamour for the reader over common facts and every-day events and ordinary as well as heroic and exceptional matters of history. Mr. Altsheler chooses to be honest rather than high-flown, and he draws possible human beings rather than impossible heroes; consequently the book has both humanity and heroism in it, and is a capital story to boot.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

The Composite Lady, the heroine of the new novel by Thomas Cobb (6s.), which Messrs. Chapman and Hall send us, hung on the wall of the Royal Academy, and Lucas Parmenter, a rich young bachelor, fell in love with her. This more than affectionate interest in the painting led him to seek out the artist and buy the picture. The story is a vivacious account of the hero's realisation that the lady is made up of three models and a strong dash of the painter's imagination; a realisation also—after some risky and troubled experience—that the expression of a pair of eyes means more than the features of a face. Mr. Cobb can write this semi-serious style of story with an enviable facility and a most happy result.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

The new volume of the Pocket Novels which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. send us, **Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand,** by Gertrude Atherton (2s.), is a *jeu d'esprit* in a few thousand words. Mrs. Pendleton is a charming young widow. Mrs. Pendleton receives four proposals by the same post. Mrs. Pendleton is enraged at the insult. This is not the story, this is merely the situation. Mrs. Atherton follows with the real story in which Mrs. Pendleton plays with the insulters—and is overpowered. The authoress is as entertaining in her fun as she is in her romantic history, and that means much.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. publish Miss Marian Bower's new novel, **Marie Eve** (6s.), a book which bears out unquestionably the great promise of this writer's earlier work. Quiet, strong, dramatic, cleverly conceived and presented with practised skill, the story of the half-French girl with her two-sided nature, cast among good men and bad, great women and treacherous, is excellent writing, brightened by wit and permeated with emotion which is never ridiculous. It is a long, modern story of love, iniquity, and engrossing situations; but the power of the author lies chiefly in the line of characterisation. In this she takes a high place.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Love's Ghost, by Edith Escombe (6s.), which comes to us from Messrs. Duckworth and Co., is a clever example of the novel of temperament. No great outside affairs happen at all; but fights are fought in the natures of a sensitive man, a strong man, and a woman who is neither sensitive nor strong in the same way. The treatment of the theme is light, firm and subtle. In this, as in the second story, "*Le Glaive,*" included in the volume, the soul-life, as apart from the ordinary life, is shown as being a reality, and a thing to be reckoned with. Unfortunately, the reciprocal double nature seems difficult to find in one and the same man or woman. Hence "love's ghost."

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

From Messrs. Greening and Co. comes an anonymous volume called **The Staff in Flower** (6s.), which is, as a novel, somewhat faulty in construction and lacking in reality, but its author is evidently more intent upon presenting a philosophy of living than mere photographic representations of life. It has what so many novels have not: definite purpose and a bold originality of outlook; and though, as in most purposeful fiction, its characters talk as people do not talk, their conversation is, for that very reason, the more interesting, the more thoughtful, the fuller of suggestion. It is a book which makes one curious as to who wrote it.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND CO.

Miss Gertrude Warden's new novel, **Nobody's Widow** (3s. 6d.), published by Messrs. Digby, Long and Co., shows that authoress in her most vivacious style as she tells the story of Nancy Green. Nancy, even as a school-girl, fell in love with her school-friend's young uncle, a youth she had seen only about two or three times. This uncle, being jilted by a really grown-up girl, goes abroad, and Nancy dreams of the time when she will follow him up, so to speak, and marry him. The real turn of events is unexpected, original, and amusing, with some good scenes between a supposed girl-widow and her supposed late lamented husband. Miss Gertrude Warden's talent for finding good plots might make other writers envious if it were not that her own management of them is so facile, other writers must feel content to leave them in her hands, knowing that she will make as much of her subjects as anyone could do.

MR. JOHN LONG.

A gruesome, sensational story with grip in it is Miss Florence Warden's last volume, **No. 3, The Square** (6s.), published by Mr. John Long. It holds something of the haunting thrill which gave enduring interest to Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone." There is treasure at stake in Miss Warden's tale, and there is villainy in several classes of life; but the slight, realistic touches are the ones which make the hair stand on end and catch the breath. This authoress is an artist in horrors, and her success here is sure.

A new novel from the same publisher is **In the Days of Goldsmith,** by McD. Bodkin (6s.); a story which not only takes place in Goldsmith's days, but has the kindly Oliver for one of its most active heroes. A beautiful young actress wins the poet's tender heart; but there are younger men to rival him. A compact little plot, worked out with sprightliness, gives the book a decided dramatic value; and the circle of friends—Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Boswell, and others—add reality and interest. Poor "Bozzy," it must be owned, plays but a sorry part here, and we rather shrink from Mr. Bodkin's cruelty when he depicts the famous biographer reading a private letter entrusted to him to deliver, and acting on the information so gained. It will not surprise us to meet this story again in the form of a play.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

A slap here, a caress there, an indictment here, a pæan of praise there, such is the style of Lucas Cleeve's latest novel, **Anglo-Americans** (6s.), which comes to us from Mr. Fisher Unwin. The hit and kiss method is dealt out to the "Anglo" part and the "American" with a fair amount of impartiality, and the praise and the bitter condemnation is wound about a story which brings forward the aristocracy and the scandal-mongering of England (it is good for us to learn that this is an insular failing) and the wealth and labour oppression of America in general, and New York in particular. This is certainly one of the most arresting of this writer's very numerous works.

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO.

We have hitherto known Anna MacManus (Ethna Carbery) chiefly as a poet of distinctive powers, and in **The Passionate Hearts** (1s.), the little collection of Irish stories from her pen, which Messrs. Isbister and Co. send us, the same quality is strongly marked. A passionate love of her country, a deep and abiding sympathy with the people of Ireland, their natures and their sorrows, a tirelessness in pleading for them and helping them—these things were rooted in the heart of the young writer whose own life was so soon ended. In these six stories delicacy and tenderness, poetry and fire are wrought together, and the little romances vibrate and glow under the mystical, inspired imagination of the writer.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

It is a very darkly-streaked society which A. Leaf presents to us in **Strawberry Leaves** (6s.), which Mr. Eveleigh Nash publishes. Dukes and Duchesses and "such like" crowd its pages; but their ways, alas, are shocking. Chapter by chapter their methods, their vulgar behaviour, their views and rules of life are unfolded to the gaze of a more innocent crowd. There is no especial story told; the imparting of lurid information respecting our effete aristocracy, and the passing of unpadded opinions on it, would seem to be the motive of this volume. It imparts and passes much.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

From Messrs. Harper and Brothers we have received a somewhat new essay in fiction on the part of Mr. W. D. Howells. In **Questionable Shapes** (6s.), this well-known chronicler of delightful wanderings and charming love affairs gives us three ghost stories. These are in a way quiet, yet they are forceful; they are convincing by the very ordinariness and possibility of the characters and situations, yet elusive and even more convincing by the delicate atmosphere with which Mr. Howells has surrounded them. They interest, they seem constantly to be nearing solution, yet evading, they are well-told and—they are still unexplained.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS.

More and more America seems to be recognising the danger and the shame which lie in the conditions under which her factories are in too many cases conducted. In serious writing and in fiction the subject has been courageously dealt with lately, and now in **The Woman who Toils,** by Mrs. John Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst (6s.), published by Mr. Grant Richards, we have plain, unvarnished facts from two factory hands themselves—from these two ladies who, to gain actual knowledge and to observe tolerantly and unhurriedly with a view to helping in the cure of evils, laid aside comfort and ease, and underwent the toil and hardships without reservation. The result is that we hear of evils to be cured, and ways of curing them—this much the volume makes plain. The experiences are most interesting and instructive in themselves, but beyond this they are of genuine worth and assistance to all those earnest in their wish to better matters. This is evidence on the woman question from both sides, so to speak—from rich and poor, and proof that the sooner it is faced and righted the sooner will a grave danger be averted.

The Episodes of Marge, by H. Ripley Cromarsh (6s.), from the same publisher, give a series of object lessons in cool dishonesty. They claim to be the "memoirs of a humble adventuress," and are materially successful also, for the harum-scarum incorrigible, native of a Cumberland village, with black hair and an up-turned nose (always more realisable in a heroine than a "turned-up" nose), who pilfered eggs and raked coal from the school-master's shed at night, is to be found in the fashionable society of "a merry house-party at Staines" in the last chapter, and recognised as "an undoubted acquisition." This is sensational fiction on a new tack; about five-and-twenty "episodes," of varying value as "thrillers," with a connecting theme enlivened by murder.

MR. JOHN MILNE.

A wholesome specimen of sensational fiction comes from Mr. John Milne, **The Wrong Road,** by Major Arthur Griffiths (6s.), in which we have just such a striking tale of mystery as this author's popular "Rome Express" would lead us to expect. The cold-blooded murder of the young master of a fine estate leads to an unravelling which proves gradually that more than one person was interested in the inheritance. Suspicion is turned from one to another with much effect, and the sympathies of the reader are swayed most unexpectedly by a narrative which is intricate, able, and absorbing.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

Mr. Drane seems to have found, in **Three Men and a Maid,** by Phill-Ludlow (6s.), the right tale for the lovers of "King Solo-

mon's Mines." The title strikes us as flippant-sounding and undescriptive, but the tale is of the pure "adventure" order, and is concerned with a race of fine white men and women, a mysterious nation possessed of vast treasures of gold and "bright stones," who are reached by means of a horrific mighty cavern at the end of an unknown lake, out of which cavern well waters of inky blackness, and into which cavern the "three men" of the title float, "the only visible living atoms on that unknown subterranean river," and find in time the "maid" of the title lying bound on an altar ready for living sacrifice. This is but the beginning of the adventure which never slackens in spirit; and the fact that the three men are three every-day, commonplace individuals, not particularly young and not particularly credulous, adds zest to the undertaking and amusement to this chronicle of it.

MESSRS. DEAN AND SON.

Messrs. Dean and Son send us the first of their series of romances founded on the stories of the greatest and best known operas. **The Valkyries** (6s.), which Mr. E. F. Benson has written as a prose version of Wagner's romance, has much to be said in its favour. It is simple, with a poetical simplicity, it is dignified, it is consistent; there is in the word-story less of the magnificent force than is given in the music-story, less of the inevitable rousing of many emotions; but it is at the same time a fine theme artistically treated, and a valuable introduction to the enjoyment of the musical rendering of the opera.

The New Books of the Month.

JUNE 15TH TO JULY 15TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHURCHMAN, A.—The Failure of the Churches. 2s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash)

FOAKES-JACKSON, F. J., B.D.—The Biblical History of the Hebrews. 6s. ..... (Edward Arnold)

FORD, HAROLD, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.—The Decadence of Preaching. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Elliot Stock)

A truth is faced here and a remedy suggested. Life in the words used, thought and study of the subject chosen—which must necessarily bring keen interest—lucid arrangement of thought, and clear extempore delivery, are some of the points urged. A practical, eloquent little volume.

GRAY, GEORGE BUCHANAN, M.A., D.D.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Numbers. 12s. (T. & T. Clark)

GRIFFINHOOFE, C. G., M.A.—The Unwritten Sayings of Christ, with Notes. 3s. net. ..... (Edward Arnold)

LONGSIDES, ARTEMUS, M.A.—Higher Criticism as Applied to Itself. 1s. (Authors' and Booksellers' Co-Operative Alliance)

MACKENNAL, ALEXANDER, B.A., D.D.—The Eternal Son of God and the Human Sonship. 2s. 6d. (A. H. Stockwell)

NEWBOLT, REV. W. C. E.—The Cardinal Virtues, and Other Sermons. 3s. 6d. ..... (Brown, Langham & Co.)

Preacher's and Teacher's Vade-Mecum, The. 2s. 6d. (H. R. Allenson)

A most sound and suggestive little volume. Brightness yet profundity are in it. No one connected in any way with preaching or mission work can afford to neglect it.

ROBERTSON, JOHN M.—Pagan Christs: Studies in Comparative Hierology. 8s. 6d. ..... (Watts & Co.)

THOMAS, REV. JOHN, M.A.—Concerning the King. 3s. net. (A. H. Stockwell)

A volume of sermons which place before readers thoughts on high subjects, clothed in simple words. Plain teaching and apt illustration are here, and the touch of poetic imagination adds beauty to the lessons.

WELLS, PROF. AMOS R.—Help for the Tempted. 2s. 6d. (Isbister)

This is a little mine of gold, offered in small nuggets. Professor Wells writes as one who has had long experience in guiding and strengthening his fellow men and women. He knows not only the big temptations which everyone recognises, but all the smaller, insidious attacks, unguarded against, sometimes unknown, which beset humanity in its various moods. There are sympathy and understanding here, but no pandering, and no compromise.

NEW EDITIONS.

Apocryphal Writings, New Testament. Edited by James Orr, D.D. Temple Bible. 1s. net. ..... (Dent)

ROBERTS, W. K.—Divinity and Man. Revised Edition. 7s. 6d. net. ..... (Putnams)

FICTION.

AGNUS, ORME.—Sarah Tuldon. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)

AITKEN, J. R.—The Sins of a Saint. 6s. ..... (Sonnenschein)

ALTSHELER, JOSEPH A.—Before the Dawn. 6s. (Hutchinson)

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE.—Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand. Pocket Novel Series. 2s. net. ..... (Macmillan)

BACON, HAROLD.—"Pots!" 3s. 6d. ..... (Treherne)

The men of this book are of the class which addresses its female acquaintances as "dear lady," and talks desperate, wicked platitude in epigrammatic shape. Mr. Bacon does himself an injustice, for he has more insight into the thoughts and intentions of men and women than he expresses in this pseudo-cynical style.

Baltico. Life on "the Baltic," and Shipping Idylls for Shipping Idlers. ..... (Ward, Lock)

BENSON, E. F.—The Valkyries. 6s. ..... (Dean & Son)

BODKIN, M. McD., K.C.—In the Days of Goldsmith. 6s. (John Long)

BOWER, MARIAN.—Marie-Eve. 6s. ..... (Cassell)

BROWN, WILLIAM GARROTT.—A Gentleman of the South. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

CHRISTIAN, SUSAN.—Ardina Doran. 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Anglo-Americans. 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

COBB, THOMAS.—The Composite Lady. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)

CROMARSH, H. RIPLEY.—The Episodes of Marge. 6s. (Grant Richards)

DAVIS, ARTHUR H. ("Steele Rudd").—On our Selection! (Bulletin Publishing Co., Sydney)

There is in this book plenty of humour, for it is a distinctly pleasing and readable account of a family of settlers who went into the Bush with a few pots and pans and a dog, and made a clearing and lived on it. And if that sort of thing is not told with humour it is too painful to be continued, and few readers would possess sufficient light-heartedness to bear it to the end. This account, however, is genuinely funny and reads like real life; and anyone who knows and cares can find the pathos there also. Mr. Davis's book has had a warm welcome in Australia; it should have the same here, for it unaffectedly reproduces a state of life borne by men and women with fortitude and cheeriness—men and women who did much for a great country, and did it quietly and without much recognition.

DE M. M., C. F.—Boy or Girl? Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)

DIEHL, A. M.—A Man in Love. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

Elizabeth's Children. 6s. ..... (John Lane)

ESCOMBE, EDITH.—Love's Ghost and *Le Glaive*. 6s. (Duckworth)

EYRE, ARCHIBALD.—The Trifler. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

FITZSTEPHEN, GERALD.—More Kin than Kind. 6s. (Methuen)

GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—Beggar's Manor. 6s. (Heinemann)

GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—The Wrong Road. 6s. (John Milne)

HERON-MAXWELL, BEATRICE.—The Queen Regent. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

HOWELLS, W. D.—Questionable Shapes. Illustrated. (Harpers)

LEAF, A.—Strawberry Leaves. 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)

MACILWAINE, HERBERT C.—The Undersong. 6s. (Constable)

MACMANUS, ANNA (Ethna Carbery).—The Passionate Hearts. 1s. ..... (Isbister)

MARRIAGE, CAROLINE.—The Luck of Barerakes. 6s. (Heinemann)

MCCHESNEY, DORA GREENWELL.—London Roses. 6s. (Smith, Elder)

OVERTON, GWENDOLEN.—Anne Carmel. 6s. ... (Macmillan)

PHILL-LUDLOW.—Three Men and a Maid. 6s. (H. J. Drane)

PRESCOTT, E. LIVINGSTON.—Dragooning a Dragoon. 6s. (Hutchinson)

RAIT, JANET ELDER.—Alison Howard. 6s. ..... (Constable)

ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.—Barbara Ladd. 6s. (Constable)

ROWE, GEORGE.—The Fairy Bed-Maker. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Love that Overcame. 6s. (Methuen)

SHERARD, ROBERT H.—The Lyons Mail. 6s. ..... (Greening)

Staff in Flower, The: A Story of To-day. 6s. ..... (Greening)

STEPHENS, R. N.—The Mystery of Murray Davenport. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

T. B. B. 1s. net. ..... (Bemrose)

Humour and tenderness blended in the story of a small boy, an untidy little atom of humanity, friend of an artist, and owned by nobody in particular, who becomes a juvenile baronet in the last chapter. This young hero is perky, frank, and amusing.

TRACY, LOUIS.—The Darkest Hour. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

UPWARD, ALLEN.—The Log of the "Folly." Illustrated. 1s. (Isbister)

WALTERS, D. F.—Francis Vane: A Labourer. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)

The story of a man of family who in the face of strong opposition insisted on leaving the Army for the Church. The tale is homely and life-like, and wholesome in its teaching.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—No. 3, The Square. 6s. ... (John Long)

WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Nobody's Widow. 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)

WITT, CAPTAIN PAUL.—Innocent of a Crime. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin)

WOLFENSTEIN, MARTHA.—Idyls of the Gass. 6s. (Macmillan)

WRIXON, SIR HENRY.—Jacob Shumate. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Macmillan)

NEW EDITIONS.

COOPER, J. FENIMORE.—The Last of the Mohicans. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Martin Chuzzlewit. A Tale of Two Cities. Hard Times, etc. 3 Vols. Fireside Edition. 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. 6d. ..... (Chapman & Hall)

EDGEWORTH, MARIA.—Belinda. With Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illustrated Pocket Classics. 2s. net. (Macmillan)

EDGEWORTH, MARIA.—Helen. With an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illustrated Pocket Classics. 2s. net. (Macmillan)

GABORIAU, EMILE.—In Deadly Peril. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

GERARD, MORICE.—The Man of the Moment. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

HILL, K. F.—A Mysterious Case. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

KINGSLEY, HENRY.—Ravenshoe. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM, BART.—The Red Chancellor. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

MEADE, L. T., and ROBERT EUSTACE.—The Sanctuary Club. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

MILLER, ESTHER.—Should She Have Spoken? 6d. (Ward, Lock)

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—A Legend of Montrose. Edited by William Keith Leask, M.A., with Notes. 1s. 6d. (Blackie)

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—A Rogue's Daughter. 6d. (Arrowsmith)

THACKERAY, W. M.—Philip. 2 vols., to which is prefixed A Shabby Genteel Story. Authorised Edition. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Dent)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ASH, VALENTINE.—Poems. 5s. net. (Grant Richards)

CHELLINGTON, RUPERT.—The Lost Hamlet, 2s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)

FAWCETT, EDGAR.—Voices and Visions, Later Verses, 5s. (Eveleigh Nash)

FINK, WILLIAM WESCOTT.—Echoes From Erin, 5s. (Putnams)

HARTE, BRET.—Complete Poetical Works, 4s. 6d. (Chatto)

HASTIE, WILLIAM, D.D.—The Festival of Spring: From the Díván of Jeláleddín. With Introduction, and Criticism of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. 3s. net. (Maclehose, Glasgow)

INDICUS.—The Olympiad, 5s. net (Elkin Mathews)

In these "classic tales in verse," the author does not aim at so high and dignified a style as did the translators of the epics of Homer and Virgil, but with unpretentious simplicity and some unintentional humour, he tells the lives and fates of gods and goddesses, in the well-known metre—the heroic couplet. The volume should be useful as an introduction to the old Greek stories in the original.

Milton, The Poetical Works of John. Edited, with Critical Notes, by William Aldis Wright, M.A., D.C.L., etc. 5s. net (Camb. Univ. Press)

SKEAT, BERTHA, Ph.D.—Persephone, or The Daffodil, 6d. net (Norland Press, Shaldon, Devon)

An amusing, bright little play for children, introducing pretty songs and dances, and a collection of "ghosts" of such old friends as "Mrs. Markham," "Magnall" of questioning fame, "Little Arthur," "Ahn," "Colenso," and "Child's Guide." Music for the play may be had from the Norland Press, and we counsel an early start at rehearsals if an attractive item is to be planned for winter parties.

SPIERS, KAUFMANN C.—Guido and Veronica, and Other Poems, 1s. (David Nutt)

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